DANCE

MUSIC & DRAMA

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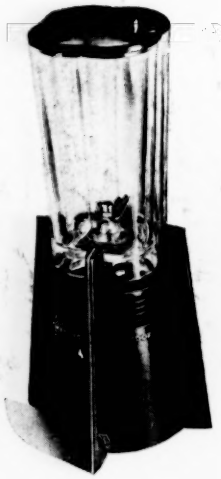

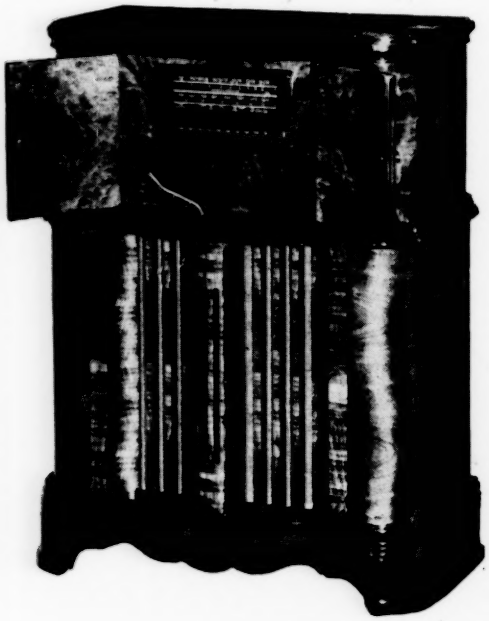

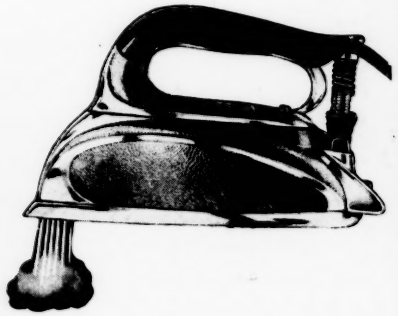

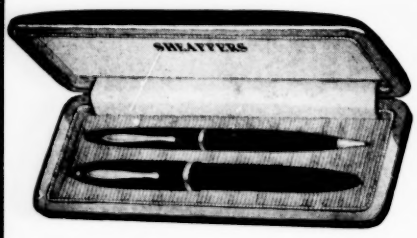

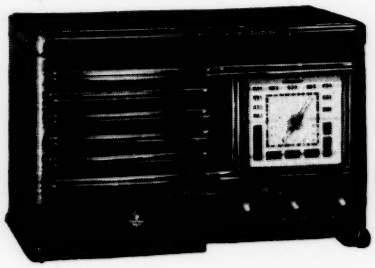

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What a month for upheavals, military-political-cultural. After many years of association with one or another Ballet Russe, Leonide Massine moves his toothbrush and tights right into the Ballet Theatre. This is, no doubt, the outcome of last summer's association with this company in Mexico City, where he created "Aleko" and "Don Domingo." From the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, where he has been leading dancer and choreographer, he takes the rights to his own ballets "Three Cornered Hat," "Capriccio Espagnol" and "Boutique Fantasque." He will begin rehearsals on these immediately upon joining the Ballet Theatre in Cincinnati. . . . The Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, although Massineless, will not be rudderless. No less a choreographer than George Balanchine picks up the directoral baton. . . . Dance Players, under Eugene Loring, is undergoing some reorganization. Rehearsals for the mid-winter tour will be resumed in December. . . . Mary Heater, another dance-player, is a casualty. She has taken leave from the company until her bad knee mends. . . . Jack Cole brings his interesting talents back to Broadway for the nonce. His flair for boogie-woogie and interpretation of the negro in the dance hits the spot in the coming Cole Porter show, "Something for the Boys." When Cole dances boogie-woogie, he makes the genuine negro dancer look like a white dancer being ever so classical. . . . If anybody around here is sleeping too well, just move out to Queens, L. I. way, where Carmen Amaya and family have taken a one-family house. The night air in her neighborhood is rent with melancholy gypsy cries, the sound of heels, castanets and song until the dawn. If the neighbors don't feel up to getting in the groove with the neighborly Amayas, they will just have to join the migratory stream back to peaceful Manhattan. . . . Just married: Eleanora Marra and Mark Platoff. Many happy returns, children. . . . The School of Natya has already held two reunions this Fall, at which La Meri, Ruth St. Denis and Dr. Felix Cleve, the Viennese dance critic held forth to the happiness of all present. The first reunion revolved around an East Indian Kaleidoscope (very involved dances of India); the second, a Cuadro Flamenco. Apropos at any time is the story of the first meeting between La Meri and Ruth St. Denis, as told with salubrious style by La Meri. Upon her return to America from a tour of several years in the Orient and Europe, La Meri appeared in a concert of Hindu dances in New York. Miss St. Denis, who was present, evidently trampled down the stage doorman and others in getting to La Meri's dressing room, and upon seeing her, flung her arms out to emphasize her meaning. "You MUST open a school at once!" she cried to the dumbfounded La Meri. What could she do? She opened a school, of course, almost as soon as the St. Denis accents had stopped ringing in her ears. . . .

"Singing Earth" danced by Grace and Kurt Graff in a recent concert. These modern dancers and their company are now on tour.

The Met ballet is shorn of a talented soloist, Rosa Rolland, who takes off on a twenty-two week tour of army camps, hand in hand with Nicholas Beresoff, former soloist with the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe. These twain will perform divers opera and ballet pastiches, aided and abetted by the U.S.O. and a troupe of fellow actors and singers. . . . This is as good a time as any to lay an oft appearing ghost. The story making the rounds in ballet circles of the death of Olga Preobrajenska in Paris, is premature and rapidly becoming a bore. It's tough s'edding when the gossips have to resort to this kind of thing to keep themselves sensation-glutted. . . . Igor Schwezoff, the Russian dancer, famous for his book, "Russian Somersault," has been released from the army, to the delight of local balletomanes and his pupils. . . . Lucien Prideaux, without whom the San Carlo Opera ballet wou'dn't look like itself, has been shouldering a gun for two months now. . . . Further communiques from camp disclose that DANCE Magazine's former Californian correspondent, Paul Francis, is a tank sergeant at Fort Knox, you know, the place where all

Vol. XVI No. 1 DANCE MAGAZINE DECEMBER 1942

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE RUDOR PUBLISHING CO., 250 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y. Rudolf Orthwine, president and treasurer; Lillian Orthwine, Vice-President; Jacob Landau, secretary. Re-entered as second class matter October 16, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Trade Mark registered. Copyright by the Rudor Publishing Co., Inc. All rights reserved. Contents of this magazine may not be reproduced in whole or part without permission. Unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or photographs are sent at the author's risk. Photographs cannot be returned. Price 25 cents per copy; subscription price $2.50 a year, $4.00 for two years, in the United States and possessions; Cuba, Mexico, Panama and Canada, $3.00 a year. Other countries, $3.50 a year.

good gold goes for a good, long rest. A neighbor of Sgt. Francis is Oreste Sergeievsky, son of the famous test pilot. . . . The Met ballet rejoices in a new male soloist, recruited from the currently inactive Jooss Ballet. It is to be hoped that the Met will know what to do with the exceptional talents of Jack Gansert. . . .

Old left-bankers wept copiously into their champagne at the Grant Mouradoff party last month. The atmosphere with an associate ensemble of Russian ballerina, international balletomane, and the local social element was so Montparnasse, it could have been sliced with a knife. . . . Another gay party of the month was the conversation-over-cocktail affair given by the Negro Dance Company in its Carnegie Hall quarters. . . . The Kamin Dance Book Shop was the setting for a pow-wow between former Paris friends, Nadja and Evelyn de la Tour of Washington, D. C. Much mournful reminiscing over pre-war Paris and la vie de la danse in Paris ensued. Consequence: Nadja is to appear as guest artist on Miss de la Tour's Washington concert. . . . Seiko Sarina, the exoteuse (coined a word!) is off to Mexico to appear in concert. . . . Margaret Severn isn't too hoity-toity for night-clubs. She has just come back from a long engagement at the Montreal Samovar. A little more Severn and the like and maybe night-clubs will become more habitable, pray God. . . . Anna Duncan read a notable speech at the Arnold Genthe memorial service at Finch School. . . .

Mrs. Tom Mix, in cow-boy attire, seen tripping down 57th street in the neighborhood of Steinway hall, getting little or no attention. Nothing short of a g-string will make anybody turn around on 57th street. This enterprising lady is rehearsing a novelty song and dance act, with cow-boy trimmings. . . . The Hartmann's who helped Fred LeQuorne to learn to walk again after his injuries in the tragic Hudson Tube wreck last summer, are being handsomely rewarded with a few sensational routines he created for them, since his recuperation. . . . Ambitious modern dancers, please note. Auditions for the Y.M.H.A. Dance Theatre's concert, introducting five debutantes, will be held Sunday morning, December 13 at 10:30 at the Y. Mr. Kolodney is the officiating genius of this audition. . . . The Negro Dance Company will conduct a series of three lecture-recitals a fortnight apart in preparation for its first Broadway season. The first, "Negro Themes and Negro Ballets," was held on November 22, under the chairmanship of Sally Kamin. The second, "Negro Music and the Dance," under the chairmanship of Eugene Loring, was held on December 6. Anatole Chujoy will hold the chair at the third of these symposiums on December 20, called "Toward a Negro Ballet." . . . Elsa Kahl, another Jooss Ballet member left behind in America, is teaching on the faculty of Black Mountain College, near Asheville, N. C. Her husband, Frederic Cohen, former musical director of the company, also teaches there. . . .

Ballet invades the Stage Door Canteen! Look out, boys, here comes Ruthanna Boris, armed with two numbers called "Pony Boy" and "Jitterbug" (tsk!). Miss Boris will perform these at the Philadelphia Stage Door Canteen, whence will, no doubt, come cries of "Praise the Lord and pass Ruthanna Boris!" The Met ballerina will also teach the boys a little something about rumba. . . . Not to be outdone, the New York Stage Door Canteen will revel in a number of jiving ballerinas from "La Vie Parisienne." Those jiving will include Gisella Caccialanza, Wilbur Evans, Carolina Segrera, Andzia Kuzak, Virginia Card, Paul Reed, Donald Burr, Hugh Thompson. On second thought, maybe they won't jive at all. They'll come prepared to can-can, instead. . . . Gisella Caccialanza, prima ballerina of the New York Opera Company, appeared at a special children's performance sponsored by the Fighting French Bazaar at Madison Square Garden on November 22. Others on the programme were Charles Boyer, Elsa Maxwell, Katrina Castle (Australian soprano), and Glaude Althand, (diseuse). . . . Another dancer who has been wiping up the floor at the Stage Door Canteen is Valentinoff, the "Sons O' Fun" featured dancer. . . .

photo: Bruno

Irmgard and Alan, popular ballroom team, appearing at the Rainbow Room in their revival of the "Washington Post March."

A couple of lassies who are sprouting contracts right and left are the lovely Kraft sisters, Beatrice and Evelyne, now appearing at Cafe Society Uptown. They have been signed by Columbia. The Kraft sisters are Jack Cole alumni, and have an exotic radiation of their own. . . . Another Cole alumna, Marian Lawrence, has just signed to become Mrs. Leo Russell. Bless you too, children. . . . Mimi Kellerman comes out of the kitchen and returns to the cabaret circuit. Following a domestic interlude, she makes a gala comeback at La Martinique. . . . Rosario and Antonio, those kids from Seville, return to the Wedgewood Room of the Waldorf-Astoria in a flurry of colored petticoats and falling black hair. . . . To close or not to close, that is the question haunting the Rainbow Room just now. Whether it is better to hold everything for the duration or not will be decided in a few weeks. In the meantime Tamiris and her company continue to please in assorted gay numbers based on early 19th century plantation songs . . . Here's to the Rainbow Room

(*Continued on Page 25*)

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Dancing during the Battle of Britain

There is no doubt that dancing in our country has lately had such a boom as has not been known since after the last war. There are competition nights at all the large London halls: Covent Garden Opera House, Hammersmith Palais, The Royal at Tottenham, The Astoria and the Locarno. Uniforms are plenty, but evening dress conspicuously absent except in the case of competitors. Teachers who are exempt from military service either through ill health or because they are making munitions or are otherwise occupied on work of national importance, are all doing well during their off-time. During the Battle of Britain the London teachers were bombed out of their premises; some of the halls were closed through blast or bomb damage and others were requisitioned by the Government. Most of the teachers who could find other premises left the Capital, but a few hardy souls such as Pierre and Miss Tynegate-Smith, remained and carried on amongst the dust and debris. In the suburbs and provinces too, bomb damage and government requisition of halls curtailed all dancing activities for a time, but patrons came back as soon as the mess was cleaned up, and danced through many of the big raids.

I remember one particularly bad night when bombs were falling all around to an accompaniment of broken glass, falling masonry, our own guns unpleasantly close shaking the building, and our radiogram on at full blast trying to drown the din outside.

"That was a near one" somebody would say, then on with the dance.

When we were ready to go home we found there were no buses and the main road was blocked with a time bomb. It was pouring rain and the sky was humming with planes and gun-fire. We had our tin hats, however, and walked through byways and pathways to our home which we finally reached drenched to the skin but happy to be alive.

A friend of Mr. Gilbert Daniels, who is a well known teacher in Coventry, wrote after the great Blitz, "Most of Mr. Daniels' house was ruined by blast, but we shoveiled our way up the stairs to the Studio, cleaned up the debris and ran the Saturday dance as usual. Fortunately the floor of the studio escaped damage, and, with a large Union Jack flapping in the breeze, business is as usual 'though Mr. Daniels has had to set up house in another part of the town. The King is still in London and Mr. Daniels is still in Coventry.

The last Star Championship, which is the great London event of the season, was held at Covent Garden Opera House. It was a condition of entry that one member of each competing couple should be in one of the Services and there were nurses in uniform, men in battle dress, Air Force blue, etc. Many of those who had given their names found they could not be spared from their various units and could not be present. Although there were 46 entries for the amateur event only 26 couples appeared for the competition. The usual entry is about 60 couples.

The Overseas Forces are introducing a new atmosphere into our dance halls and various competitions have been held especially for them. They say we take our dancing too seriously and that our girls are not so well dressed as in their own countries, but what would you? Evening dress has not been worn in the dance halls since the heavy raids. We were asked not to wear long skirts because of the difficulty in manipulating them if we had to hurry to the shelters and there was also the danger of fire. The competition girls however still manage to look ravishing in lovely gowns — either pre-war or made of curtain materials and net which could until recently be bought without coupons. Now that coupons have to be given up for these materials, things are more difficult, but the girls go without other things as they *will* have their competition frocks. And who should blame them?

MRS. F. DRAKE-LAW,
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Rockettes in a row. These world-wide famous precision dancers throw you a backward saucy look from the Music Hall stage. photo: Cosmo-Sileo

For The Dance Book Shelf

SKATING, by Putnam and Parkinson—Published A. S. Barnes & Co. Price $2.50.

This book combines under one cover the separate sports of Figure and Speed Skating, with greater success than these two activities have ever shared the same piece of ice. More diverse aims and philosophies could not be found between any two groups of sports people in spite of the fact that they are both shod with steel and skim upon the ice. Notwithstanding, the authors do get a certain unity into the book under the theme of the necessity of right and healthful living. Further than that, they find a slogan which fits both groups. The slogan, borrowed from Otto Schniebs of skiing is, "It's a vay of life."

Much useful information is contained in the book. There is a short history of skating and a discussion of the current boom of skating along with some of its most famous characters, Sonja Henie, of course, Evelyn Chandler, Willie Frick, Maribel Vinson and others. The technical descriptions are interesting and, no doubt, adequate. Useful information on ice keeping and rink dimensions are included. Photographs in the speed section are excellent and expressive of the rhythm of that sport. In the figure section the photographs are not so successful, but here the problem is, of course, much more difficult. For purposes of instruction and inspiration, nothing can surpass truly fine photographs, nothing except excellent skaters themselves in action.

The spirit of the book is youthful and holds high ideals of life, health, and amateur activity; altogether a useful volume for the ice minded.

B. C.

* * *

THE FEAST OF RAYMI, by Charlotte Perry. Published by J. Fischer Bro., New York City. Price $1.50.

Here is a charming and useable dance drama suitable for use in dance classes. It is based on a beautiful story of the Peruvian Indians, which has special significance in relation to the problems of today.

It was produced at the Rosemary Junior School, Greenwich, as a school project, correlating the work done in the art, music, drama, dance and history departments.

The music, arranged from Peruvian folk songs and dances, is printed in piano score and is separate from the book, which makes it easy to use on the piano.

The dance descriptions which are also printed separately, are described in detail and illustrated with diagrams. The whole is printed with the usual Fischer excellence and taste.

L. M.

* * *

A giant triple-issue of DANCE-INDEX for September, October and November has just hit us right between the eyes. It is a collection of the Carl Van Vechten critiques from his N. Y. Times period, 1910-1917, and other Van Vechten articles. This issue will be a collector's piece and the balletomane's joy. Its illustrations are many and gorgeous and the close-range criticisms are historically noteworthy.

H. D.

photo: 20th Century-Fox

Hula on ice demonstrated by Sonja Henie in the 20th Century-Fox production, "Iceland". Sonja is as much at home in a grass skirt as she is on blades, whether in Iceland or Hawaii.

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Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year

Editor's Note: This letter is written by a southern girl in New York to her teacher in the sunny South.

Dear Miss .....:

Merry Xmas! Christmas is plenty cold in New York. Seven degrees, the radio says. It's so cold everybody has cheeks like Santa Claus. New York is certainly reverently calm. Everything is closed. The club here is practically deserted. Hardly a person on the streets. I passed a policeman and it was like "old home week." He came all the way across the street to say "Merry Xmas."

Later: almost two o'clock now. The bells are lovely. Carols over the radio were gorgeous. The "Blue Bird" of Maeterlinck suggests a lovely ballet. Maybe I can do it at camp this summer.

Still later. The loveliest snow is coming down in a flurry. "Hansel and Gretel" performance was thrilling. It is a beautiful snowy Christmas. I must rush out and get into it.

December 26.

What a day — no time to even breathe, and tomorrow will be still more exciting. Have an early appointment with Madame for a ballet costume. I can hardly wait! I am worried, no joking, for fear Mr. ..... thinks I'm better than I really am. Once in his class I just got "stuck" in a pirouette, and surprised myself. I did fouettes better than usual for him, too. You should hear him. He calls each girl separately and reels off the most terrifying turns *en fouette*.

There are several ice skaters in the group. The way they leap and whirl, I don't see how they ever stay on the right foot! Anyway, when he got to me the first time he said in a most condescending manner, "thirty-two fouettes, sur le pointe. Singles, please." I was new and green of course. I actually did sixteen twice with just a slight pause in between! Guess I better stay up all night and practice so I can do it again! If I only had room to practice!

Oh, I had a picture in my notebook of the Littlefield Ballet and I discovered a girl in the class was in the picture. She said it was wonderful training, but she had to live! (And does she do it, mink coat and precious looking!) All the girls have that enameled Vogue look and such oomph combined with good technique (I mean dance technique). It is unusual, to say the least. Contrary to what we hear down south, it is most important *not* to look Russian. The American Ballet is doing things for the ballet in more ways than one.

Meant to mail this yesterday, but here I am, still sore, but had a good lesson. There were only three in the class, and she picked on me the *whole* period! I don't stand right, I never plie, my hips are not right, I start turning out too far up, my back is like "tissue paper," my knees are *never* tight, etc. etc. etc.! ! If anything is wrong, oh boy, they tell you right there! I am *so* encouraged.

How is the dance notebook? Am I going to get a copy? I certainly do need that dictionary right now! The terms, of course, are the same, but some are not so familiar. And does the Madame speak fast and Frenchy. She says, "EntrishiCAT" for entre chat quatre. Then there is a grey cat which insists on sitting in the middle of the floor and for directions, you hear, "jete to the left of the cat" or "Tour jete around the cat." At first I thought it was a new ballet term!

Happy New Year! You should have been here to hear the racket!

This morning at 11:30 (I was going out to get lunch) I met a girl just coming in, and believe me, if looks tell, she certainly had been having fun. She was a wreck! I've had a wonderful rest, and I am ready to start with a plunge in the morning. I'm going shopping for evening dress in the morning before my costume call (10.00). We dress every night for dinner on the boat to Cuba and at the hotel.

Tuesday.

Well, we started a new ballet and, oh my heavens, for the first half I don't even come off point. And then it hurts more than if I stayed up! This "chorus girl" business is no joke. I can never find time to practice. No class today, either, and is my technique horrible! I am certainly going to stand out in this group, (like a sore thumb). Oh, the staying on point is not just bourrees, in fact, there are only about four bars of them. Half the time it is plie on *one* foot, croisse, chasse, etc. The other ballet is slow and waltzy. Wish you'd write. I need encouragement. We sail Wednesday on the famous "Oriente." My address will be Hotel Nacional de Cuba. We do everything with a flourish!

Wednesday.

These people are so funny. They think we don't do anything down South but sip mint juleps and talk about our ancestors.

A Russian costume modeled by Zoya Leporsky, lately ballerina with the San Francisco Civic Opera Ballet and currently a member of the Dance Players.

photo: Romaine

photo: Cosmo-Sileo

Paul Haakon topped a top notch show at the Music Hall with brilliant leaps, dazzling pirouettes and Russian wheels. The superb finish and artistic quality of all movements left nothing to be desired.

Rehearsal was so much fun. I didn't even worry about technique. I decided to take a holiday and just "plain dance." I have decided to get a pair of toe shoes as a going away present to myself. The shoes I had when I left are in shreds, and maybe the new ones will last longer. The girls here get new toe shoes every week.

Had class (at last!) until 12:45. This morning I went to the studio early to practice and worked hard until way over time for class. Madame came in and said I was the only pupil. I thought I would get a private lesson, but just as we started Olga Spfffffffsky (that's the way her last name sounds, and in spite of it she is a marvelous dancer) came in, so I had a semi-private lesson and it was exciting!

After rehearsal we had a "costume parade" at the costumer's. Each girl had to try on each costume and be inspected personally by the director and believe me, if they didn't fit to perfection, they were fixed right then and there, and such insignificant alterations. I never would have noticed! I really never even *heard* of such costumes. The belts on the pink blouse of a black evening skirt cost $15.00. Imagine such extravagance!

The designer was there too, and I got to talk to him (thrills) mostly about lighting on costumes. He told me about a night club where the girls wore red leotards of a soft texture and by playing on a red spot of the same hue, the costumes were "taken right off"! ! They use the same principal in our lavender ballets. They are white and silver with lining of lavender ruffles, and with different colored lights, the costumes change line, but do *not* come off.

More tomorrow.

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A Dance Message from Moscow

Below is a reproduction of the twenty page cablegram sent from Moscow, U.S.S.R. to us for *exclusive* publication in DANCE Magazine. We feel highly honored to receive such a costly communique. The size of this cablegram necessitated sending it in three installments at intervals of a few hours. In addition to the interesting story the cablegram relates, the sending of it, in itself, is a story filled with human interest. When we realize that all the work of producing this ballet was done within the sound of the most destructive war known to history, the cablegram becames a symbol of the Russian will and mass stamina.

The other day I saw a movie at the Stanley Theatre called, "A Nation Dances." It was filmed during the national dance festival in the U.S.S.R. last fall when Moscow was under siege. This film was run in conjunction with another called, "At The Rear of the Enemy", showing with heart-breaking reality some actual scenes on the eastern front.

The Dance Festival was filmed only a few miles from this same front. I cannot help but marvel at the contrast. Watching these dancers so absorbed in their gay and brilliant steps, and the applauding onlookers, so thoroughly delighted with the performance, one cannot but realize that war has not downed these people's spirit nor their zest for life. They will go on dreaming, dancing, and loving life, long after the guns of war are silenced, even as they are doing now in the midst of terrible turmoil and suffering.

It is a lesson for us here at home, not to fret and worry, but to go on dreaming and hoping and working. Only in this way can we reap the benefits and joys of our ideals. In these troubled times the dance profession can do its share by giving health and inspiration thru dance to ease the hard road ahead.

So I leave you in the spirit of the season to lend a hand, and help a pal, to spread some joy wherever you can, to pray for peace, the fraternity of good men and ideals everywhere. May war be banished from the earth this coming Christmas day.

Sincerely yours,

Publisher

Reproduction of the twenty radiograms sent to Dance Magazine. These are reprinted on the opposite page.

Moscow Cablegram

Reprint of the story that came thousands of miles to tell American dancers what their fellow artists are dancing in Russia.

There was among the brotherhood of Soviet writers, a much loved novelist who wrote fantastic stories about people with queer outlandish names, inhabiting strange, unRussian cities and leading lives seemingly bearing no resemblance to Russian life. Yet all his books and heroes are filled with the yearning, the vague dreams and brooding despondence that are so characteristic of Russians.

Many fascinating novels have been penned by this writer endowed with extraordinary gift of imagination, but perhaps the best of his creations is the story of a dream girl called Assol.

This tale unfolds in a strange land bordering upon the coast of an unknown ocean where a fisherman lives with his daughter, Assol. In his leisure time the fisherman makes little sailboats and frigates which his daughter takes to toyshops in town. Once as the little girl carries the toys up to town she takes a great fancy to a little frigate with crimson sails that stands out conspicuously among other toyboats. In the forest she lets it float in a rippling brook. As she rushes after the ship rapidly sailing down stream, she sees a very old man take the frigate out of water and examine it very carefully. When the aged man finds himself face to face with Assol he utters a prophecy that she would one day see a real sailing frigate with crimson sails take anchor at her native shore and that aboard it, there would be a handsome prince who had come to claim Assol as his wife.

As the years pass, the dream of meeting her lover on a frigate with crimson sails takes strong possession of Assol's soul. Then the story goes on that in some distant land a young lad, stout and kind of heart is growing to princely manhood. He is also a dreamer who wishes to conquer the ocean. An overpowering urge for adventure makes him run away from his palatial home and sail the seas as a cabinboy. As a grown youth he returns to his mother who forgives him and buys him a sailing frigate. Thus his dream of becoming a captain is realised.

As he roams the seas and oceans he is blown by winds to the shores of the island inhabited by Assol and her people. When he sees the young girl he instantly falls in love with her and on making inquiries learns from fishermen of the prophesy of the old man and the patient waiting of the girl for the ship with crimson sails. Meanwhile Assol from her home catches sight of the crimson sails.

Such is the rather naive but touching story which has captivated the imagination of the young Soviet composer Vladimir Yurovsky, the romantically inclined musician, himself a dreamer of crimson sails. His first symphony "First Opera" was based upon a poem by

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DANCE

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photo: Courtesy of Rainbow Room

Dance Spot in the Sky

by WALTER EVERETT

The Rainbow Room is unique in many ways. The highest "high spot" in the world, it is also the super night club in the world of the dance.

From the beginning the Rainbow Room has done the unexpected, sponsored the new, and set the fashion for the rest of the dance world to follow. It introduced the Big Apple to New York importing the high stepping gals and boys from the sunny south to do it. It sponsored waltz evenings that became one of the real factors in the comeback of the old Viennese waltz. It even tried square dance evenings last year when that vogue arose.

But the most important dance pioneering the Rainbow Room has accomplished is introducing first rank dance artists to night club audiences.

John Roy and Ed Seay are the two people who had sufficient dance imagination, to say nothing of courage, to dare this departure from current night club style. They knew they had the most discriminating clientele in New York at the Rainbow Room, so they decided with excellent judgment that they could afford to have the best dance talent. After all, these were the people who attended the ballet, why shouldn't they enjoy seeing dance art in their favorite night club? Well, Messrs. Roy and Seay were right, so their public has been enjoying star dance attractions now for the past three years.

As we sat at one of the softly lighted tables in the Rainbow Room and watched Mona Montes and Alexis Dolinoff dancing, it was hard to believe that these attractive, smoothly moving programs took hours of planning and rehearsal to make them over into Rainbow Room style.

When Mr. Roy auditions a dancer, he wants to see dozens of dances. Of these he chooses about eight, because the artist has to have changes of program. No, he doesn't choose only the light amusing numbers, he wants variety, breadth and depth.

Often a dancer's costume is very lovely but has to be changed because the Rainbow Room is intimate, and even a beautiful theatrical costume often looks garrish near to. In the Rainbow Room there is no back drop to set off a costume, and that means the colors have to be fresh and bright enough to carry over on their own.

Make-up, on the other hand, has to be softened down until it looks natural near to.

Of course, most dancers are in the habit of dancing to an audience that is only in front of them, but at the Rainbow Room the artists have to stage their dancers to a three quarter circle.

Agnes De Mille was the first to appear on this now historic series. That was fortunate for both the audience and the series. Agnes De Mille is a full fledged dance artist. but she has an appealing flair for comedy that is nigh irresistible. Needless to say, the new idea of dance artists in a night club got off with a flying start.

Of those who followed De Mille, Jack Cole was one of the most popular, for here again, besides art, there is a personal pep and sparkle that excites and dazzles.

Tamiris adds to her clever dance sketches, singing and drama, not to mention an exuberance and animal magnetism that electrifies the weariest and most blasé of her audiences.

Jane Deering brought the house down by her beauty as well as her dancing.

I might go on thru the entire list of dance artists that have been a success at the Rainbow Room: Mona Montes, Jose Fernandez, Alexis Dolinoff, Charles Weidman, Hugh Laing, Miriam Winslow and Foster Fitzsimmons, Elsa Keven and Demetrios Vilan, Von Grona and Leni Bovier,

Paul Draper, Georgie Tapps, Chandra Kaly, Dorothy Fox.

Not long ago, Ruth Page and Bentley Stone were holding forth to the delight of Rainbow Room habitues. Interviewing Miss Page between performances we were very much entertained at her interesting comments on her experiences dancing at the Rainbow Room. But let Miss Page speak.

"For us dancers, appearing at the Rainbow Room is an interesting and provocative experience. If you have only danced on the stage, in concerts, and opera all your life, it is a strange, new feeling to look up suddenly and perhaps find someone more interested in eating a piece of beefsteak than watching your *port de bras*. It is perhaps a bit disconcerting, too, and you will find yourself doing all kinds of things to command his attention. When you succeed you feel at least a partial satisfaction. As my colored maid put it, 'Well, even if they didn't understand it, they paid attention to you.'

"You have to face the fact in a night club that most people have not come there just to see you dance and that they are not there to give you their undivided attention. The *rapport* that exists between the dancer on the stage and his audience over the footlights is different from the feeling between the night club dancer and his patrons. Even though the strong spotlights do help to lift you into your own private world of illusion, still there is a more informal feeling about having people so close, and you feel their presence very keenly. Working with an audience all around me, instead of just in front, made me suddenly uncomfortably conscious of my 'rear.'

"Also, there is the question of make-up in a night club which is difficult for me. In the theatre you can daub the grease-paint on heavily and freely, enlarging your features into something strange and interesting, but in a night club it seems you must look natural. You also have to wear real lace, real satins and embroideries, and your costumes must at least appear to be expensive. You can't just pin things on effectively with safety pins, and you can't have darns in your tights. In other words, you have to be so careful and so 'soigne' that you can't have as much freedom putting your costumes together as you can on the stage. Making up 'a la Helena Rubinstein' was a great task for me.

"Regular Broadway acts, so sought after by other night clubs, Mr. Roy claims, are not successful in the Rainbow Room, so he is continually looking for new and unusual material. You can find Mr. Roy and his assistants watching try-outs of all kinds; acrobats looking very nude, full of bulging muscles and just a little bit silly in the bright afternoon sunlight; singers with accents and singers without

(*Continued on Page* 30)

A roster of names which have appeared in the Rainbow Room reads like that on a concert programme. Recent performers, who appear below, are: Top Panel, l. to r.: Mona Montes and Alexis Dolinoff, Jane Deering, Jose Fernandez. Bottom panel, l. to r.: The Chandra Kaly dancers, Miriam Winslow and Foster Fitzsimmon, and Ruth Page and Bentley Stone.

An American Opera Presents an American Ballet

by LUCILE MARSH

A delightful evening of dancing, singing and drama results from the happy partnership of the American Ballet and the New Opera Company. It's grand to have a really American Ballet, and just as nice to have an American Opera Company that sings in English. But the new and wonderful accomplishment is to have two such art group collaborating in an important and thoroughly enjoyable evening of superior entertainment.

A very happy idea is the use of the ballet as a curtain raiser, Ballet Imperial by Balanchine is particularly suitable medium for charming the audience into a receptive mood for the evening. A decorative and well sustained opus is Ballet Imperial, full of Balanchine's original and imaginative choreography with a minimum of this talented dance composer's perverse stunts, such as dragging the ballerina across the stage on her toe point.

A pleasing and well trained corps de ballet give excellent support to three exceptionally good principal dancers.

Gisella Caccialanza is an exquisite ballerina boasting along with her sparkling technique a glowing serenity, rare among American ballerinas. Aplomb, they sometimes call it in Europe. Really, it is an exciting by-product of the aloofness and deep self confidence that all artists must accomplish to be great.

Mary Ellen, the beautiful and glamorous one, with her emotional face and lovely length of limb delighted the audience at every appearance.

Bill Dollar sustained a long and difficult dancing role as the only male soloist and brought forth gasps of admiration from the audience by the faultless execution of his fabulous turns.

After this well conceived and neatly executed curtain raiser, the audience was given an enjoyable interpretation of Moussorgsky's opera, "The Fair at Sorochinsk," well sung in English and convincingly acted by a young and talented cast.

The closing festival scene of the opera brought the ballet back on stage as the peasant dancers and revelers. In this finale the audience was treated to a fine example of the collaboration of song, dance, and drama. All the arts were enhanced by the whole hearted cooperation of each one. The brilliant movement of the dancers added meaning and excitement to the spirited singing. While the colorful background and fine musical setting inspired the dancers and set off their movements to best advantage.

Bill Dollar as the leading peasant dancer aroused the audience to a high pitch of excitement with the virtuosity and abandon of his leaps, whirls and kicks. The corps de ballet "went to town" to the hilarious singing of Moussorgsky's very danceable hopak.

The opera roles were convincingly acted as well as admirably sung by Mary Henderson, Winifred Heidt, Michael Bartlett, Carleton Gauld, Donald Dame, Paul King, and Gordon Dilworth.

"La Vie Parisienne," a comic opera with music by Offenbach, is the second program to be presented by the New Opera Company. Although the ballet had much less important dancing to do in this opera, they seemed to enjoy going to town in the Can-Can, and other hilarious ensembles arranged by William Dollar. There is, no doubt, however, that "La Vie Parisienne" is a delightful evening of singing, dancing and fun, and it ought to enjoy a good run. Scenery and costumes by Montedoro were especially attractive. The cast includes, Stanley Carlson, Donald Burr, Wilbur Evans, Paul Reed, Carolina Segrera, Paul Kwartin, Arnold Spector, Virginia Card, Hugh Thompson, Andzia Kuzak,

(*Continued on Page* 30)

Left to right: Gisella Cazzialanze and Douglas Coudy in an inspiring variation from "Ballet Imperial". Bill Dollar in a brilliant hopak movement from "Fair at Sorochinsk". Mary Ellen in an ecstatic moment in her pas seul in "Ballet Imperial". center photo: Reynolds; other photos: Constantine

The King and the Ballerina

by ARTUR MICHEL

Frederick the Great, King of Prussia from 1740 to 1786, waged the first of his three wars of conquest with Austria but one year after his accession to the throne. For this reason some historians call him one of Hitler's forerunners. But as a young man he differed greatly from the dictator of our time. He was devoted to the arts, played the flute and wrote poetry, and counted Voltaire, one of the greatest French philosophers at that time, among his good friends. His greatest love, however, was the theatre, and his first plan as king was the construction of a magnificent Opera House in Berlin. This was opened December 7th, 1742, exactly 200 years ago.

In the king's preparations for the artistic efficiency of the Opera the creation of a dance troupe was of greatest concern to him. It was to compete with the best dance troupes of the Europe of that day.

Where did one seek and find the very best dancers in the world in those days? In Paris. Reading the correspondence of the king one notes that he was very well acquainted with the current developments in the foreign theatre. He ordered his Parisian ambassador to engage a ballet master, the necessary number of solo dancers, and a corps de ballet. Already on July 18, 1742, he wrote triumphantly to his Italian friend, the poet and playwright, Count Algarotti, "Our dancers are almost all here," and he continued:

"Among them is a woman dancer whose touching beauty I am sure surpasses the fascination of Campioni" (This Italian danseuse had, a short time before, been the rage of Paris and London).

The young king was very eager to learn about the accomplishments of his dancers. He did not wait until the Opera House was ready, but on August 9th asked the troupe which was now assembled completely to dance for him. When finally, on December 7, the Opera House opened its doors, his first impression proved true that Paris had sent him a superb dance ensemble.

The troupe was led by three couples of solo dancers, all of whom had already won recognition and admiration in Paris and London. The high level of their artistry lent the Berlin Ballet the brilliance which befitted a royal theatre. In addition there were six pairs of figurants and figurantes. So large a corps de ballet could have been found nowhere else except in Paris or Vienna.

Just that ballerina whom the king most ardently wished to have in Berlin, had not yet come. His ballet master as well proved quite troublesome. Michel Poitiers was by no means an inferior dancer. On the contrary, in London and Paris he had made a reputation as "danseur comique" and was mostly popular as "Harlequin" who played an important role in the pantomime of that day.

In London, Poitiers' partner had been Katherine Roland, the dancer whose "touching beauty" made such a deep impression on the king at his first glimpse of her. She was now 27 years old (after all, not much older than our youngest Prima Ballerinas, Mia Slavenska or Irina Baronova).

The Antoine Pesne portrait of La Barbarina, a ballerina of the 18th century, and a king's favorite. She was also the first ballerina to execute an entre chat huit.

She had made her debut in Paris 10 years before, and in a poem praising Camargo which appeared in the "Mercure de France," she was named in the same breath with Camargo and Sallé, the two greatest dancers of that day. Grace, passion, and a contagious gaiety were the qualities for which she was most acclaimed.

The most interesting of the other dancers who came to Berlin was young Marianne Cochois (born 1725). She was related to Marie Sallé. But because of the strength and lightness of her dancing she was soon compared with Camargo. When she came to Paris as a 16 year old girl, Dupré, the most renowned dancer there, declared, "In six months I will make of this little girl the most graceful dancer who ever appeared on the Paris Opera stage."

She became Dupré's pupil and was immediately cast in important roles in the Opera. Nevertheless, she left Paris very soon for Berlin, undoubtedly because her mother, sister and brother being actors were engaged at the Comédie Française in Berlin.

From the very first moment, the ballet master Poitiers could not get along with Marianne Cochois and her partner, the excellent dancer Tessier, nor with the rest of the solo dancers. Just a few months had passed, when the couple Cochois-Tessier sent a petition to the king in which they said:

"This man does not care at all about our just titles. He obviously wants to bring us to the point where we will have to quit Your Majesty's service. We will, in fact, be forced to submit to Your Majesty our resignation if this man continues to misuse his title as a ballet master and prevents us from fulfilling our obligations in the proper spirit."

After this letter Poitiers' position was ruined. Not long after he escaped by stealth from Berlin. The king sighed with relief. However, Katherine Roland, the premiere

(*Continued on Page 29*)

photo: Gerda Peterich

A humorous moment in Alexis Rotov's satire on the Spanish Bullfight Dance.

Satire in Dance

Dance satire has at last come into its own in the American Theatre.

by ALEXIS ROTOV

At the time when Fannie Brice first performed her Spring Dance, satirizing the barefooted dancing era, there was only a pioneering individual here and there who included a "funny dance" in his repertoire. The dyed-in-the-wool dancer never did. He considered it beneath his dignity as a dancer and an artist to stoop to poking fun at anything thru the medium of dance. Therefore, it was left to the general comedian who was in no sense a dancer to do what he called a little eccentric stepping. The word satire was never used in connection with dance. It was always either a "comedy" or an "eccentric" number, in which distortion and the perennial "prat-fall" were the standard mechanisms used to create laughs. It was never dreamed that satire could be built around a substantial, meaningful idea, requiring intelligent handling and understanding to project its point. However, just this type of satire was beginning to take shape in the evolutionary process of the dance world at the time when "Roxy" inaugurated his first presentation theatre.

A young girl, Edna Kovey, appeared in one of the presentation theatres in a burlesque of the well-known "Dying Swan". Here was a departure from the usual. Miss Kovey was not a comedienne and had never spoken a word of funny material in her life. She was a dancer who had many years of hard work in the ballet. Her dance bordered on the eccentric because she, too, after a very serious entrance, used the well-known mechanism of "falls" to establish the fact that she was doing comedy. What put Miss Kovey's work in a sphere of its own, however, was that at least her dancing was real, and showed all its classic background in contrast to the general comedian who just pranced because he could not really dance.

Then came Eleanor Shaler, who too was a dancer, but had some acting experience as well. Miss Shaler took the theme of the ballet *Giselle* to satirize. But where Miss Kovey in her *Swan* parodied the physical dance steps by distorting them to create her effect, Miss Shaler kept the dancing in legitimate form, playing only on the idea. What she did brought her style a step closer to true satire. She would make her entrance, heartbroken, in the romantic fashion of the period, go to the grave of *Giselle,* and plead with her to show herself even in ghostly form. After the first invocation she would wait. No Giselle. Another invocation, another wait, and still no fair ghost. Becoming a little impatient she would reach behind the tombstone, draw out a telephone and call the departed soul. By what followed you knew that Giselle was getting the "dickens" for keeping everybody waiting. The satire was so clear and intelligently presented that it was not necessary to have seen *Giselle* to understand what Miss Shaler was doing. The audience howled.

The Presentation Theatre type of show was beginning to do much to put American popular theatre on a higher level in general. For the first time people could go to a movie theatre and for a small admission hear a symphony orchestra composed of fine musicians, hear good voices, and see fine dancing. The influence was bound to be felt in the popular theatre in general and a change was inevitable. Audiences saw that popular theatre could give them finer things and they demanded them. Comedians who wore funny clothes and grotesque makeups soon learned that they had better "smarten up" or they would be out of the picture. They put on clothes expertly tailored to give them a well groomed appearance, and they found they could be just as funny minus their baggy pants and red noses.

It always worked. Those who had the real thing got across. Funny clothes never got them laughs past the first entrance. Satiric conceptions, interpreted in tangible form and simply projected did the trick regardless of what they wore. They felt the greater magnitude of their power if they could look elegant and still be funny. A young team, Moore and Ravel came on the scene at about the time the Paramount-Publix circuit was flourishing. Miss Moore wore a beautiful white gown and Mr. Ravel was in tails. They danced a satire on the Carrioca which Fred Astaire had just then made popular. In their satire they poked fun at popular conception not only of Carrioca, but of Latin dancing in general. The fake passion, the fake fire, and the much stamping of feet that people felt all Latin dancing contained was there.

(*Continued on Page* 25)

Negro Dance on the Scene

by ELENA MAXIMOVNA

Early in January, 1943, the Negro Dance Company will open at the 39th Street Theatre. This theatre was formerly called Labor Stage, and once was the Princess Theatre which housed some of the little, jewel-like productions of Morris Cest. These storied boards will make a home for what its mentors hope will become a permanent Negro ballet repertory company, the equivalent in sepia of a Ballet Russe.

That great "natural", the Negro dancer, who is responsible for most of the popular dance vogues in this country, will get a chance to show what the disciplined, trained Negro artist can do. At this writing a company of sixteen dancers and five choreographers are occupied with rehearsal in the former Mordkin studios in Carnegie Hall. This will be the home of the negro ballet school long planned and now achieved by the producer-director of the company, Wilson Williams.

No sketch of this project would be quite in focus without a glance at its dominating personality, Wilson Williams, producing director.

Young Mr. Williams is an example of a man being everywhere and doing everything at once. Now that he is on the verge of the accomplishment which was years in the making, he is fretful because there are only twenty-four hours in a day, and he can't do anymore than he already is doing.

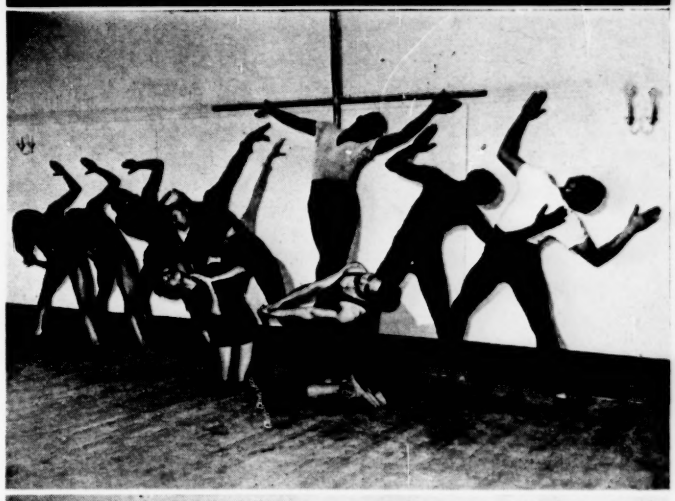
Since rehearsals started in early October, he hasn't had his hair cut. It is now beginning to droop behind his ears. Upon questioning, he owns up that he begrudges taking time out for a haircut during rehearsal periods. Once a production is staged, however, he gives in, to a chorus of amens from his wife and friends.

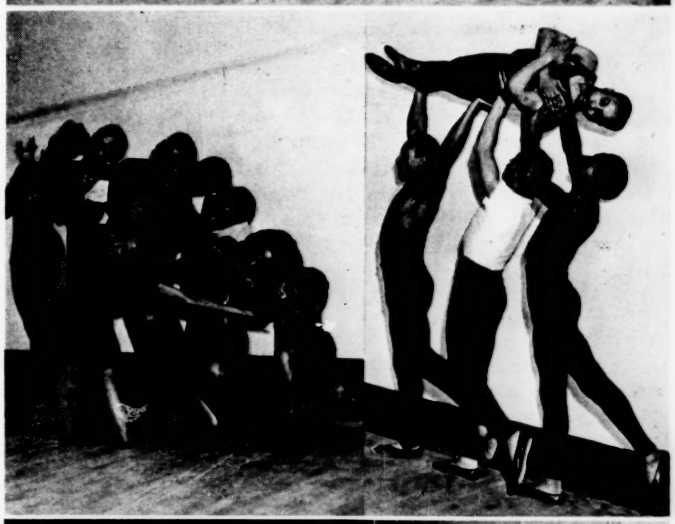
He claims that just seeing a picture of Serge Lifar determined what course his life was to take. He was only eleven years old when this astounding event took place. Never underestimate the power of a picture. Serge Lifar or no, young Williams stubbornly set about becoming a dancer and actor, to the anguish of his very correct family. Nevertheless, there was one soul in the family who thought little Wilson was in his right mind and she encouraged his will to dance. This was his grandmother.

He relates that his earliest communication with the theatre came about when he was five. Upholstered in velvet, like little Lord Fauntleroy and bearing a white satin cushion, he was the ring-bearer in a Tom Thumb wedding. That was a "tiny" beginning, but in a sense, it was theatre to the embryonic producer-dancer.

During his years at Princeton High School he interested himself in staging drama, and often took part in everything from lighting the production to playing in it. A visiting

(*Continued on Page* 24)





photos: Smith

Top: Wilson Williams, director and first dancer of the Negro Dance Company. 2nd panel: Group in rehearsal under the direction of Gluck-Sandor. 3rd panel: Ricci Sarroga, soloist held aloft by three members of the group in a scene from "St. James Infirmary", by Felicia Sorel. Bottom panel: Scene from Wilson William's "Prodigal Son".

A New Dance that will add Swing

Presentation of the Brazilian Samba in Walt Disney

The following material was graciously given by Senhorita Sonia Correia, daughter of the Consul General of Brazil in New York, the Hon. Oscar Correia.

The Samba was brought to Brazil by the African slaves. Their primitive dance, at that time called "Semba," was originally used as a tribal dance. Brazilian society did not take it to their hearts until the beginning of the eighteenth century when "Lundu" or early forms of Samba melodies were sung in the Court of Don Pedro, the first emperor of Brazil. These Lundus were sung by Chalaca, the emperor's favorite singer at the magnificent gatherings of the emperor's mistress, the famed beauty, Domitilia, Marchioness of Santos.

Today, the Samba has become less primitive and more suitable to ballroom dancing. The Samba is a light, rhythmic and captivating dance. The most vital factor contributing to the success of this dance is the choice of music.

Every year a new musical crop appears at Carnival time, among which two or three are chosen. The songs to be used must have melody, rhythm, swing and a dash of, shall we say, oomph.

The Samba and the Maxixe originated in the wretched looking decrepit shanties of the "Morro do Salgueiro" and others. These people have a school of Samba and they create the music, the rhythm of which they bring forth by beating on small match boxes, straw hats.

Nearly every evening they have a session with many Brazilian writers attending in search of new material. If a number strikes a writer's fancy, he buys the song, rearranges it and presents it to the impatient public.

Imagine you are dancing the tantalizing Samba; the routine is simple, the rhythm is very important.

BASIC STEP: Start in regular dance position. Start with the left foot, taking one step forward, bending knee twice. Down (count 1) Up (and) Down (2) Up (and). Repeat this step with right foot. Down (Count 3) Up (and) Down (4) Up (and).

This step is very bouncy, thus the bending of the knee levers the body. The shoulder comes in the movement too, swing the left shoulder forward when the right foot is in action, and the right shoulder leads the left foot in the same way.

VAI E VEM (*Pendulum Step*). Dance this in open or closed position. Start with left foot forward, take long sweeping step forward, bring right foot up to left quickly, (weight on right). Then return weight to left. Count (1) (and) (2) swinging back. Step back with right foot, taking long sweeping step; bring back left foot quickly to right, thus weight is on left, then shift weight from left to right counting (3) (and) (4).

CONVITE P'RA DANSAR (*Invitation to a Dance*). Start with arms bent at the elbow and palms up, the arms

Introducing, in the columns above, a South American smoothie, Joe Carioca, a Brazilian parrot who is a new member of the Disney family. He is teaching the niceties of Samba to his American friend Donald Duck in "Saludos Amigos". photos: Walt Disney Studios

and Sparkle to your Holiday Party

"Saludos Amigos" brings new vogue to ballroom

Original Drawings by Walt Disney

follow the feet, left foot forward, the L arm goes left. Count (1) (and) (2), then reverse the step. Count (3) (and) (4).

MEIA VOLTA (Half Turn). It is a turn in rhythm, weight forward on left foot, body leaning slightly to the left, using left foot as a pivot and give short pushes with right foot as you go around. Count (1) (and) (2) (and) (3) (and) (4). Shift weight to right foot and repeat for a reverse turn.

MAXIXE STEP. Dance the basic step, holding arms in Maxixe position, elbows bent, one hand cupped before the face, elbow resting on the other hand. Position of arms may be shifted at each step. The man dances in place, the woman circles around her partner.

The Version danced by Veloz and Yolanda

The Samba is popularly called the South American "Swing Dance." Unlike the "rhumba" ("Son") it does not feature hip movement as most of the action takes place above the waist. Couples bend to either side and there is a continual bending of the knees in rhythm (the bounce) throughout. The "Samba" is done both in closed and open positions.

BASIC STEP. Step forward with left foot to the count of one beat. Step diagonally in front of left foot with right foot to the count of one beat. Draw left foot to right foot, facing sideways to the count of two beats. Bend left on first beat, to right on second, and again to left on third.

SLIDE STEP. Step forward with left foot to the count of one beat. Step ahead of left foot with right foot to the count of one beat. Draw left foot to right foot to the count of two beats. As you step forward the back bends backward, and as you step back, you bend forward.

THE ROLL. Step forward with right foot to the count of one beat. Step in front of right foot, facing slightly to the side to the count of one beat. Draw right foot to left foot, again turning to the side to the count of two beats.

SWING STEP. Step to the left with right foot to the count of one beat. Step to the side with right foot to the count of one beat. Quickly draw left foot to right foot, kicking it back on the fourth beat.

THE BOUNCE. Feet together. Bend knees down and up to two beats. Jump to the side, bending knees and straightening up to the count of two beats.

It must be remembered that the knees continually bend up and down regardless of what step of the "Samba" is being done. This is the basic movement of this dance.

All in all the Samba is a gay, swinging, bouncy dance, quite in keeping with the holiday season.

Veloz and Yolanda, popular ballroom team and exhibition dancers, show you the twists and turns, the lilt and sparkle of the Samba. The Samba descriptions by Miss Correia and Veloz and Yolanda come to our readers thru the courtesy of Mr. Rutgers Neilson, R.K.O. Radio Pictures.

photo: De Bellis

The essence of the Biblical spirit is captured by Miriam Marmein in this characterization of the Angel of the Annunciation.

Behold the Glory

An Interview with Miriam Marmein, Dancer and Mime

Miriam Marmein was brought up on the Bible. In her early teens, the many powerful parables in the Book of books stimulated her budding creative powers. The two references, "David danced before the Ark," and "Miriam praised the Lord with singing and dancing," intensified her growing reverence for the dance, her chosen field of artistic endeavor.

It is not surprising, then, that in the full maturity of her personal life and at the height of her artistic career she should dance "The Life of Christ." She presents this simple but majestic story step by step as it unfolds through the reactions of the characters who surrounded Christ from His birth to His resurrection.

The suite opens to the sweeping chords of Bach's Sonata in D Major as the Angel of the Annunciation, divine messenger of birth, appears in cerulean blue vestments with iridescent halo and surplice.

And the Angel Gabriel was sent unto Mary and said, "Hail thou that art highly favored. . . . Thou shalt bring forth a son . . . . which shall be called the Son of God.—The Bible.

This is followed by an interpretation of the gentle Madonna adoring the Christ Child. She is dressed in deep rose garments trimmed with turquoise blue. The music is Bach.

Now when Jesus was born there came Wise Men and saw the young Child with Mary, his mother, and presented him with gifts, gold, frankincense and myrhh.—The Bible.

It was really the third episode of this cycle, "Death of the First Born" that Miss Marmein created first.

On Xmas Day she was reading Matthew and came to the passage describing the "Slaughter of the Innocents."

Then Herod, the King, was exceedingly wroth and sent forth and slew all the children in Bethlehem from two years old and under.—The Bible.

It struck Miss Marmein that this ancient tragedy was not unlike those of today. She saw a Bethlehem mother trying to save her baby from ruthless slaughter by the swords of Herod's soldiers, even as the mothers today in war-torn Europe and the Orient try to save their loved ones.

About a week later, strangely enough at a festive New Year's party, Miss Marmein again found herself thinking of that Bethlehem mother, only now her concept had taken on the epic quality of all motherhood.

"Usually," said Miss Marmein, "I woo an idea for a dance for some time, letting the idea clarify and take shape slowly in my mind. I never force an idea. But this time it possessed me. I could hardly wait to start on it. I was up with the dawn, next morning. Colors flashed before my eyes. Drum beats filled my ears in magnificent rhythms. I wrote them down. I dyed a costume that gorgeous deep, dark blood red that burned before my eyes. I started to dance the Bethlehem mother.

"I worked twelve hours without stopping. At the end of that time I found myself with a complete new dance drama. I decided to use it on my coast to coast tour. To my great surprise it proved the greatest dramatic success of my entire career. I decided then and there to create an entire Biblical Suite on the Life of Christ.

"The next character I chose to show the Life of Christ through the characters that surrounded Him, was the wicked little intriguer Salome.

"Herodias, wife of Herod, had come under the public censure of John the Baptist for her unorthodox union with Herod. To revenge herself on the disciple of Christ, she connived with her worthless daughter, Salome, to entrance Herod to the point where he would offer her anything she asked. The beautiful but decadent Salome decided to perform the voluptuous dance of the seven veils as the method of alluring Herod."

Swathed in diaphanous veils heavily embroidered in gold, emeralds and pearls, Salome epitomizes the voluptuousness of the wicked Herod's court.

When Herod made a supper to his lords, the daughter of Herodias danced before them and pleased Herod, whereupon he promised to give her whatsoever she would ask and she said, "Give me John the Baptist's head."—The Bible.

The remainder of the dance deals with the effect that

this gruesome reward has on Salome, herself. This is symbolic of the agony and remorse that our misdeeds bring upon ourselves. As for John the Baptist, his influence continued and grew a thousand fold after his untimely death.

Said Miss Marmein with a twinkle in her eyes, "The original Salome was probably the ancient version of our contemporary strip tease. Naturally, good taste dictates considerable modification of this scene, but it struck me with great force that our disrobing night club sirens are direct descendants of the seductive Salome!

"At my Summer Dance Theatre at Manomet, Mass., this past summer, I tried out the fifth number of this suite, the man possessed of seven devils. Here I depict a maniac and his cure. Intensive study of the gospels brought home to me how modern psychology, and psycho-therapy are uncovering the causes for physical, moral, emotional and mental ills that Jesus understood and coped with so magnificently."

The "Man Possessed of Seven Devils" is costumed almost like a skeleton. The color is grave-like green with brilliant yellow cloak. The musical setting is Brahms.

And there met him a man with an unclean spirit, exceeding fierce . . . . and Jesus rebuked the foul spirit and it came out of him and he arose clothed in his right mind.—The Bible.

The note of humor so welcome in any program, even a Biblical one, is supplied by Martha, "cumbered with much serving," a worried, over-busy housewife tidying up her house and preparing dinner for "The master." She is naturally very much annoyed at the spiritual day dreaming of sister Mary.

Judas Iscariot is the next character through whom we realize the life and teaching of Christ. Judas represents the worldly character, whose sins of greed, ambition and treachery really destroy only himself. This is done to Debussy's music.

And Satan entered into the heart of Judas Iscariot and he covenanted with the chief priests for thirty pieces of silver to deliver him. . . . When he saw he was condemned, he repented himself and brought again the thirty pieces of silver, saying, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood." . . . and he went and hanged himself.—The Bible.

The crucifixion of Christ, the audience experiences through the eyes of Pilate's wife, who sees all in a dream. This is done to Rachmaninoff's music. The coloring here is vermillion and chartreuse.

And the wife of Pilate sent unto him, saying, "Have thou nothing to do with that just man for I have suffered many thing in a dream because of him. —The Bible.

The sorrow and contrition of the world is given through the dance of Mary Magdelen at the tomb of Christ. She is costumed in "American Beauty" and rose.

A stately and inspiring finale is effected by the Angel of Lords in white and gold proclaiming the glory of the first Easter and promise of life eternal.

Brahm's soul stirring music serves as the musical climax.

Fear Not . . . . for I know that ye seek Jesus. . . . He is not here for HE IS RISEN.—The Bible.

It is significant that Miss Marmein did this whole suite as a compulsion to express a deep emotional belief that the story of Christ was as real and important today as it was in Biblical times.

That she is completely right is proven beyond doubt by the fact that this suite has already proven itself one of her most popular programs.

Then, too, in spite of all the excursions the dance has taken into abstractions and superficialities, Miss Marmein has remained true to the teachings of her childhood under a mother who was a teacher at the Emerson School. Dance must have dramatic thought and substance. It must be concerned with life and the things men live by. There must never be any exploitation of technique, personality, costumes or effects.

In dealing with a deep and human message such as she wishes to give in "Behold the Glory," this philosophy of aesthetics is very helpful in keeping the style simple, dramatic, moving and above all, reverent.

It is a great feather in the cap of the dance that it can boast this much needed spiritual fare in its repertoire.

If deep spiritual truths and religious beauty are to survive today, it will take the combined efforts of the church, the school and the arts. It is good to know that the dance is on the job.

Three striking characterizations from Miss Marmein's dance drama, "Behold the Glory", based on episodes from the Bible. On the left, Miss Marmein as the Mother Mary, in the center as the man possessed by seven devils, and on the right as Mary Magdelene.

photos: Constantine

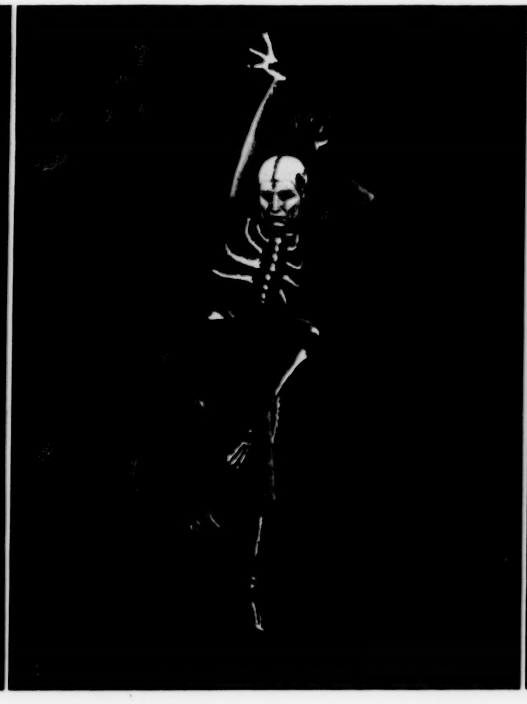


photo: Vandamm

A delightful scene in "Stars on Ice" at the Center Theatre showing that phenomenal baby star, Twinkle Watts as Little Miss Muffet with Meryl Baxter as the spider who changes into a Prince Charming.

Skating as Dance and Theatre

by BASIL CLAUS

Only a few steps from the site of the old New York Hippodrome is the "America's First Ice Theatre," The Radio City Centre Theatre. While it is not the intent here to belittle as pretty a piece of showmanship as Theatre Street has to offer, there is still alive a generation of skaters to whose ears the name Hippodrome spells ice, the stage, Charlotte, and that appropriately romantic theme, "Flirting at St. Moritz."

It is worthy of note that skating made one of its first serious assaults on Thespis in the midst of World War One. The "assailants" were a group of skaters hailing from Admiral's Palast, Berlin, under the leadership of Charlotte, the "incomparable", of the skating world of that epoch. Outside the Hippodrome was in the deep shadow cast by the Sixth Ave. Elevated, now relegated to service in World War Two. The Hippodrome had a deep stage equipped with an ice surface, but because it did not devote its entire performance to ice skating, it missed the chance of being a "Famous First" in the annals of skating.

Theatrical skating in those bygone days seemed to be headed for a great prosperity, largely inspired by the genius and talent of Charlotte. In the train of her success at the Hippodrome a number of cabaret sized rinks, or tanks as they were called in those days, came into being here and there across the country: Biltmore Hotel, New York; Terrace and College Inn of Chicago; Harlos and Portola Louvre on the West Coast.

The post war prohibition of World War One carried the blame for the sudden collapse of theatrical skating at that time. Aside from the "nite spots," the Hippodrome had the only stage show using ice and skaters, and for some unknown reason did not press the advantage of its priority. Among the "nite spots," however, the theory was circulated that only the patronage of a drinking public could support skating shows and the cost of the necessary ice.

It is extremely pertinent for both skating and dancing to note that this collapse of the show place of skating reverberated down through all amateur activities and every aspect of skating. No new rinks were built and many old ones closed, and this happened long before the slump of depression had set in. Finally, figure skating on enclosed rinks, across the length and breadth of the land, was limited to a small rink at 181st Street, New York. With the collapse of the theatrical aspect of skating, the report went out to investing capital that skating did not pay dividends. This was too chilling a rumor for even skating to survive, it seems, although in the strict philosophy of amateurism this becomes difficult to explain.

In the light of the recurrence of the debate on prohibition, old time skaters will be justified in sighting the repetitiousness of history, some may even predict the second collapse of theatrical skating and along with it, disastrous effects throughout the whole activity. But the modern skater knows that the old rules do not operate anymore. This is A.D., Sonja Henie! She is the new and magical elixir that breaks all precedent and ushers in the miracle. Wars, de-

pressions, prohibitions, all must make way for Sonja. Blithely she thrusts them aside, achieving the ultimate triumph of all youthful femininity, the triple crown of the Olympics, Hollywood, and a baronial lord and master.

It is obvious that theatre is the wine most powerful in its effect on skating and skaters. So when the Radio City Centre Theatre bills itself as "America's First Ice Theatre," something has transpired to shake a skater completely out of his icy groove. Let him attend.

At times, skating has paid a slight though grudging tribute to its mother art, Dancing. The relationship has been somewhat reluctantly acknowledged on both sides, the offspring making pretentions to spontaneous birth, the parent repudiating the child. Altogether, a disturbing air of illegitimacy prevails. Now to the astonishment of the reluctant parent, skating blooms forth with a theatre of its own.

Through how many heart breaks has the American Dance struggled for a Dance Theatre? For how many decades has it dreamed the dream of all dancers, an American Ballet, full blown and firmly established. Now almost as an aside, a matter of no consequence, Skating, that brat, achieves the impossible and in terms of the only proof that means anything to Broadway, e.g. gilt edge box office returns, in season, out of season, consistently, and beyond all denying. Dancing may well ask, "How did the Kid do it?" The answer is, "Sonja."

This is a bit hard for Dancing to take. Behold the greatest cultural jewels of Russia debouched upon this land, the Ballet under Diaghilev, Fokine; the great stars, Pavlova, Nijinsky, Mordkin, with a technical mastery only possible after centuries of refinement under the French and Italian systems. Then, the great revolution in aesthetics and techniques appeared in all quarters of the globe, Isadora, Von Laban, St. Denis, all calling forth endless controversy and discussion in the public and the press. Dancers hungry in attics, but sticking to their guns; dancers jumping into Niagara Falls; and always the cry for a Dance Theatre, an American Ballet, by subsidy, by hook or crook, by the devil. But nothing happens. Then the Brat does it. Skating, that child conceived beneath the rose, casually without caring gets its theatre, and how it goes! Can a dancer be expected to swallow that easily?

True the parent tried the same route, the movie route. The results were very good. The public did respond immediately and the pictures are well liked. (Pavlova had tried it long ago in "The Blind Girl of Portici" but the result was failure.) Perhaps Zorina's pictures and the others, only meet the success they do, because the way has been paved for America's delight in sheer movement by Sonja, the darling of fortune, and her public..

The concrete lesson that Dancing can learn and perhaps has learned from Skating and Sonja, is that the magical way to a Dance Theatre and a National Ballet is by popularizing the dance through the far-reaching medium of the movies. In the last resort, the Great American Public is the only patron that can be depended upon in this land. This is as it should be, the democratic way. Make the public conscious of the dance through the movies as Sonja made it conscious of skating, and the means for a Dance Theatre and for dance art of all degree will be forthcoming.

In the past years dancing did great damage to its hope for a theatre in America by becoming psychologically engrossed. It was mumbling to itself. It had no public which understood its language. Highly introspective to begin with, it became introverted when it found itself without an adequate outlet to a public of its own. Dancers attend! Sonja and the movies built rinks and skating clubs from coast to coast. It is asked, "What dancer and the movies is going to electrify the whole of dancing into dynamic activity in the heart of the American public?"

Is skating sitting pretty? Yes, for the moment. But in reality, in the midst of its phenomenal success in securing a Theatre and a public, a thing which the whole of dancing has been vainly struggling to do for years, skating is in danger of resting on its easily won laurels.

Dancing, the parent, is going to win its public now, perhaps for the very reason that skating has shown how easily it can be done by a Sonja and the movies.

Then too, skating has opened wide its theatre to the dance, setting dance choreographers way above its own composers. It is already obvious that the dance has sacrificed skating quality to dance arrangement. This is dangerous for skating.

(*Continued on Page 24*)

Left: The Three Rookies, Donald Arthur, Meryl Baxter and Neil Rose carry out manoeuvres on ice that constitutes one of the wittiest numbers in the show. Center: Hertha Grossman, one of the beautiful and talented stars on ice who excites with her athletic vigor and flair. Right: Bob and Peggy Whight, a daring team which does breath taking adagio stunts while they skate blissfully on, just as though the ice wasn't slippery or hard.

photos left to right: Cosmo-Sileo, Murray Korman and Vandamm

photo: Nunnally-Martin

Dorothy Guy and Katherine Roberts in a dance interpretation of "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" given by the Atlanta Civic Ballet Company.

photo: Arnold Genthe

Dancers of Saint Marks-in-the-Bowerie in a Christian ritual dance, at the time when the church under the leadership of Rev. Norman Gutherie introduced the idea of religious dancing.

Dancing, the Needed Social Tonic

by IVAN NARODNY

Dancing has been since the early nomadic era the most powerful moral stimulant of nations. Each succeeding epoch of history has proven the important role that this rhythmic elixir has played, but with us today it has fallen to the level of a mere amusement or hobby.

It is high time to realize the danger of spreading calamity. We must counteract despair, not only with militaristic power, but even more with proper mental forces such as timely dance and music.

Dancing and music in the past were not only social entertainments, but psycho-dynamic tonics, reflecting the racial, cultural standards of the times. The ancient Uighur, Hindoo, Egyptian and Greek music and dance all mirrored the serious serenity and Arcadian abandon of their national culture. The dance and music of the Middle Ages functioned as inspiration to the courage of militant knighthood, while those of the Renaissance reflected the aspiration toward religious and spiritual values. There was a mystic, animating power in the music and dance used as moral mediums in all past cycles of civilization, but now, with us, they have shrunk to insignificant entertainments. We attend concerts, operas, listen to radios and dance, simply to amuse ourselves.

Mythologies and religions of the past employed music and dance in their sacred rituals as potential forces for moral ends. With the rise of the aristocratic era, classic music and dancing developed into great cultural mediums which played deciding roles during the past centuries, and became essential factors in civilized social life. But with the start of our industrial period, music and dancing deteriorated to the boulevardian level of Broadway shows, Hollywood movies, and coast to coast radio broadcasts, all reflecting the distorted hysterical situation in which we find ourselves today.

With our great economic and political progress we have lost our normal moral balance and behave like deluded victims of boulevardian racketeers, simply because we lack the timely dance and music. Like regimented robots we listen to boring radio broadcasts, read formulated news and ignore the most important moral mediums. Our public is lacking in spiritual strength because the intuition-arousing aesthetics of music and dance have not been allowed to function.

Music and dance supplied to the past civilized cycles a needed rythmic elixir that had an intrinsic moral effect, a marvelous soul stimulating effect in many ways. Rhythm in musical-choreographic terms is of combined emotional and aesthetic values, because it is a kinetic stimulant to our pulsing organs. It is the mystic power of real evolution. In fact, rhythm is the genetic force of our intellect and inspires all the animating ideas of a civilized life. Rhythm runs with a peculiar aesthetic magic through all the microcosmic and macro-cosmic manifestations of life. Energy in its essential nature is nothing but an intensified accumulation of rhythmic tonics. In fact, all the organic life of nature proceeds on a rhythmic plane; we breathe, walk, speak,

(*Continued on Page* 28)

Dance to Physical Fitness

An Interview with Muriel Welk

by JOY RICHARDS

Last summer at Brighton Beach 3,500 unwelcome inches were dropped from ladies' figures. This was accomplished at Muriel Welk's dancing classes conducted right on the sands of the beach. Certainly proves beyond a doubt that the delightful pastime of dancing can also qualify as physical fitness in a big way.

Muriel Welk is an interesting young woman. In spite of golden hair, darkly lashed grey green eyes, and delicately moulded face and figure, she is a dynamo of physical and mental energy.

She was sent to dancing schools as a child because she was underweight and had frequent colds. But soon she was going to dancing school because she loved it. She must have been good even that early because she won a scholarship in the Michel Fokine School. She also worked with Swoboda, the Humphrey Weidman group, Ingeborg Torrup, and studied ballroom dancing on the side. She studied anatomy at Brooklyn College and did a lot of thinking on her own about what dancing could do for the rank and file of people. Mrs. Harriet Fredericks, an aunt teaching physical education at City College, took helpful interest in her talented niece.

She was a professional dancer when the opportunity came to teach at Oriental Beach. She took the job because it offered a challange to make dancing a part of the every day person's life. She taught children, adolescents, grown ups, and what's more, she taught them all kinds of dancing because she believes each type has something unique to offer in building a beautiful expressive body.

Later when the Coast Guard took over Manhattan and Oriental Beaches, the management came and watched Miss Welk's classes for a whole day. They saw her teach the first dancing steps to tiny tots from three to five, and make them love it. They saw her teach the older youngsters and really make them dance. The classes produced "Peter and the Wolf" at the end of the season. The board watched her keep the interest in adolescents and inspire grown ups and even middle aged ladies to get back their figures. They watched her teach ballroom classes of six and seven hundred men and women. They decided this was too important to let even the war sidetrack, so it was made a permanent feature at Brighton Beach, and stands today as

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What physical fitness ought to accomplish. This young lady literally floats with the clouds. Her name is Muriel Welk and she has been teaching fitness at beaches in the New York area.

Little Peter is in no danger of being gobbled up by this wolf. They are playing "Peter and the Wolf" on the sands of Manhattan Beach, under the direction of Miss Welk. In the center, Miss Welk in the act of bringing health closer to the masses who take her classes. On the right, the youngest set takes its hair down. It's never too early to start, they think.

photo: left: Herman Field; photos, center and right: Dale Rooks, P.M.

NEGRO DANCE THEATRE

(*Continued from Page* 15)

principal, visiting a Wilson Williams' production, let fall from his lips the *mot juste* remarkable.

"This play is too perfect. It's *too* professional."

Later, when he ventured to inform his family of his intention to become a dancer, it turned the proverbial deaf ear, and coldly suggested Yale and medicine. Wilson agreed, nourishing the Machiavellian thought that he could be majoring in dramatics at Yale, while ostensibly busying himself with cadavers and microbes. The Machiavellian scheme failed. He let the cat out of the bag too soon, thereby excluding himself from Yale, and no doubt, in time, an M. D.

When not performing, Mr. Williams wears horn-rimmed glasses. He adopted these at twenty two to give him "an older, more professorial look." This desire sprung from his association with production management on the program, "Music and Youth," heard over station WNYC in New York.

During this period, the young man who wouldn't stop at horn-rimmed glasses to look professorial and a trifle more aged, taught music appreciation to teachers and lectured on "The Negro in the Dance" at the Harlem branch of the Y.M.C.A. Here he also taught dancing, and put on solo and group recitals.

In 1940 we find Wilson Williams precipitating the present Negro ballet company by his excursion into print. In an article written by him called "Prelude to a Negro Ballet" he says,

"Negro influences on the more absolute forms of theatrical dancing have been visibly apparent for something more than a century and a quarter, beginning with Jean Aumer's "Les Deux Creoles" (1806). There followed the gold Negro in 'Scheherazade,' the influence of the Negro-Russian poet Pushkin, the Negro-inspired dances done by Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, Tamiris, the cakewalk in Martha Graham's 'American Document,' the Negro character obvious in the barkeep's dance in 'Union Pacific' by Massine, the Negro motifs contrived by Angna Enters for her 'American Ballet Number 2.'

"The full force of the influence of Negro dance cannot be measured.

"In spite of the wealth of material the Negro has to offer the dance, he has thus far been unable to make use of it himself. Except for a few distinctive works, the Negro dancer and choreographer has not fulfilled the promise indicated by his native talent.

"Chief among the reasons for this failure are: 1. Negro effort rather than accomplishment has been overpraised. 2. Persistent acclaim of the negro as a natural dancer who does not need the training and strict discipline acknowledged necessary to the white dancers. 3. Lack of a recognized school to function in the manner of an academy to transpose the abundant native talent of the negro dance and dancer into consciously creative channels."

All three of these points have been dealt with and surmounted by Mr. Wil'iam's effort of the last few years. The concrete reality of the Negro Dance Company is the answer. This uphill struggle towards an embodied Negro art has been supported by a philosophy of life on which Wilson William's entire career as a dancer is based. This may be expressed in the words of Vakhtangov.'

"Look at life and make that your guide in creation. Let the theatre never consider itself as an end in itself. Let it always go hand in hand with the current of life and be a contribution to it as it receives its colour from it."

Mr. Williams, who believes that his life runs in cycles, is about to enter another cycle with the launching of his company in January. He was born March 30, under the sign of Aries, the Ram. Astrology claims for those born under this sign the quality of leadership. So far Williams' life has not given the lie to Astrology.

The Negro Dance Company is also fortunate in its co-directors.

Felecia Sorel, a unique personality and craftsman in the choreography of "blues," has thrown in her lot with this company. She not only feels a great sympathy with the culture of the Negro peoples but also a crusader's inclination to prosper their cause in the theatre. Her co-directorship with Wilson Williams proves a happy one. Miss Sorel has had experience with the Negro theatre before in her work last year in Stuart Chaney's Negro version of "Helen of Troy." She has also staged the dances for numerous shows, among them, Mark Connelly's "The Two Bouquets," "Everywhere I Roam," the Theatre Guild's "Jeremiah," "Pins and Need'es" and the forthcoming Lunt and Fontaine production of "The Pirate." She will be the only white dancer to appear with this company.

At this point, in mid-November, there are six works scheduled, with others being planned. Anna Sokolow, modern dancer, will appear in her own compositions, "Breaking the Ice." This is described as a curtain-raiser. Following "Breaking the Ice" are "El Amor Brujo" (de Falla), choreography by Gluck-Sandor, "St. James Infirmary" and "Dance Calinda," choreography by Felicia Sorel, and two works by Mr. Williams, "Prodigal Son" and "Spring Ritual."

"El Amor Brujo" is our friend "Love, the Magician," and the well-known story concerns the Spanish lover who has to put up with some competition from a ghost who is finally exorcised.

"Blues" are the basis for the ballet by Miss Sorel called "St. James Infirmary."

"Went down to St. James Infirmary,
I saw my baby there,
Stretched out on a long white table,
So pale, so cold, so fair."

Her "Dance Calinda" is an elaborate costume ballet laid in New Orleans during an early 19th century Mardi Gras. The scenario, by Ridgely Torrence, a negro writer, is being kept mysteriously unrevealed, the better, we suppose, to dazzle the iminent audience.

The scenario of Mr. William's "Prodigal Son" is no secret, however. It is as old as the Bible from which it was taken. This is a great balletic theme, as witness at least three other contemporary productions on the same theme, one by David Lichine, one by Kurt Jooss and one by Gluck-Sandor. *This* prodigal son's habitat is Beal Street in Nashville, Tennessee, and the famous Beal St. blues are written into the score.

"Spring Ritual" is a fertility dance. It is performed yearly by Negroes in the heart of the black belt, in Excambia County, Alabama. Mr. Williams bases his ballet on the story of the black belt processional in Karl Carmen's book, "Stars Fell on Alabama."

It seems likely at this writing that Eugene Loring and Tamiris also may create new works for this company.

The members of the company are young, talented, of considerable experience, and wholeheartedly devoted to the interests of

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photo: Courtesy Hotel New Yorker

The Hotel New Yorker has stars on ice galore and a beautiful and entertaining show built around them.

SKATING AS THEATRE

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To hold its theatre, skating must stick to its own domain and make rapid growth in depth, in content, and in finesse. It is going to be relentlessly paced by the parent, Dance, deep as the centuries and still starved for real success. Failing to develop quickly enough skating will be unable to hold its present enviable position with its public. It must grow up. Its public has been tolerant with it, as with the young, but it is merciless with the child who becomes an adult and still continues to talk baby talk.

The route to depth and content lies through finesse, that is technical perfection. Dancing has learned this lesson through long centuries of discipline. As a start, skating might give a thought to its basic nature, pay less attention to spinning, jumping, running around, and recall that the essence of skating is silent, effortless, mysterious movement. In this realm it has an art medium beyond compare. Let skaters look to this intrinsic quality of skating and preserve it at all cost, against all destructive forces, however glamorous.

SATIRE IN DANCE

(*Continued from Page* 14)

As the dance progressed, Miss Moore showed visible signs of becoming weary from much bosom-heaving, and that her feet were hurting from too much stamping. When their expressions of passion turned into a martyred "We'll stick this out to the end even if it kills us," expression, the audience laughed loud and long.

Many would-be comedians misunderstood the whole trend. The words "smart" and "sophisticated" were bandied about without any real understanding of their meaning. It came to the point that if they wore evening clothes and danced to semi-classic music their style was called "smart." They could not see below the surface. Comedy dancers, using their same old "prat-falls" never changing one step of their grotesquery, or giving it meaning, put on evening clothes, called their burlesques "satires" and labeled themselves as smart and sophisticated. They thought the change of clothes would be the magic wand that would open for them the "higher realm" of the theatre. It never dawned on them that they were in reality perpetuating a fraud whether conscious or unconscious. As a matter of fact, they got nowhere in spite of their elegant clothes. Instead of taking the trouble to think it out and understand why, they just wondered. Their great mistake was that they underestimated audiences in general. When an artist is performing in front of an audience, a psychic current is established between him and his audience. It is only because of this, that one can feel the temper of the audience while working. An experienced artist can know long before a number is ended whether or not the number is going over. This results from a definite thought transference between the audience and the artist. For the same reason, the audience is quick to sense any insincerity on the part of the performer. It might give luke-warm response to one or two things that the performer does, but will forget him as soon as he leaves. An insincere performer is like a person who uses a lot of fine-sounding phrases but yet has no real understanding of what he is saying. That type of person is always transparent to even the midly discerning, and an audience as a body is always discerning. It may not grasp just what is wrong, but it will definitely know that something is, and will consciously or unconsciously feel the insincerity and resent it.

The answer is that he should go after what attracts his attention or stirs his curiosity and what gets an emotional response from himself first. In this way he is bound to hit the right subject. Coming from within himself, and from what he can respond to, he will have a greater understanding of his conception and be better able to interpret it in satiric form. There is no such thing as an unworthy or insufficient subject. Treatment will either make it or break any theme.

After the dancer has his idea, he should write it out in proper continuity until the IDEA is fully developed. When he has done this, he knows what he is after, and he is ready to go into a rehearsal hall to work out the choreography or dance form. Because he has already decided on the continuity, that will suggest what steps he should use to bring out the satire. He should not give it performance until he knows the routine so well that it is second nature to him.

We understand that dance satire is a definite idea satirized thru the medium of movement. Distortion of bodily figure is legitimate only if it is necessary to bring out the satire, but not if it is created just to bring a laugh. That is the difference between a legitimate laugh and a laugh that is better not to get. The type of laugh to get is one where the audience is laughing at what the satirist is doing rather than at him. The important thing then is to find an idea around which to build the satire. The student and the beginner will ask, "Idea? Yes. But where? How?"

He may be surprised to find when he does get into performance that some things that seemed funny in rehearsal are not funny in front of an audience, and yet other things that he did not intend to get laughs do get them. There is no way of accurately judging comedy in rehearsal hall, or even completely developing it there. But if the comedian gives himself time in performance, he will soon discover why certain things do not get over, and he also will learn how to right them. He will discover some things will gradually right themselves. This is the main reason why shows are taken out on the road to be "broken in" before they are pre-

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* * *

NEGRO DANCE

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the Negro dance. This group is currently engaged in taking a full measure and more of rehearsals, establishing new records for wearing out practice clothes and shoes at a great rate.

Their ranks include Marguerite Brisley, Mabel Hart, Lawaune Kennard, Toni Middlebrook, Carmencita Romero, and Dorothy Williams, on the distaff side. The masculine ranks are composed of Ricci Sarroga, who also doubles as stage manager, Al Bledger, Edmund Cambridge, Richard James, Richard Bruce Nugent, Bill O'Neill and Randolph Scott. In Ricci Sarroga, the Negro Dance Company possesses a soloist of extraordinary promise. His work is outstanding for vigor, neatness, and emotional understanding.

The company takes daily classes in ballet and modern technique from Anna Sokolow.

* * *

COMMUNIQUE

(*Continued from Page* 3)

"When Ballet Came to New York" was delightful fare, as dished out by the Lillian Moore-Albertina Vitak combination on the Cooper Union Forum on November 20. Miss Moore danced and Miss Vitak commentated on a programme descriptive of ballet in its evolutionary stages from the 18th to the 20th century. . . . The Allied Parade in Song and Dance sponsored by the Russian War Relief at the Barbizon-Plaza on November 20 was rich, robust stuff. . . On November third the first issue of DANCE NEWS appeared on the stands. It is called a "Monthly Newspaper" and it is published and edited by Anatole Chujoy. . . . The Duncanites ride again! The shade of Isadora must have been lurking with satisfaction somewhere in the neighborhood of the Lexington Y.M.H.A. on November fourteenth and fifteenth, when Maria Theresa and her group of Helioconades, Anita Zahn, Kethleen Hinni, and representatives from a dozen or so Duncan schools held forth with a successful two-day conference and recital program. A permanent Duncan committee has been established to co-ordinate the various Duncan schools throughout the vicinity. . . . AND NOW, dear reader, if any of you are still around, here's wishing you a MERRY CHRISTMAS!

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PHYSICAL FITNESS

(*Continued from Page* 23)

one of the full time dance programs that really shows what dancing can do to build physical fitness and morale.

It is interesting that the dancing is run as a beach attraction and admission to the beach permits you to attend classes without further expense. Of course, not everybody comes every day, and some want to gain weight while others want to lose it. Some are young, vigorous; others, middle aged and weak. But Miss Welk has done an extraordinary job of teaching this huge heterogeneous class and getting results from everybody.

For instance, when you first come into the class, you only do an exercise once while the veterans do it eight times. Each class begins with a slow and easy approach and builds up. Peppy exercises are followed by relaxing ones and you can take all you want and then rest. No student is ever allowed to puff or strain. Miss Welk believes dancing should always be a happy, reassuring experience. Because it is an art with all the glamour and beauty of an art, it is superior in appeal and results to plain gymnastics.

Miss Welk draws her exercises from every branch of dancing, but she always has a purpose in doing each and every one. She has dance exercises for your toes, your ankles, your knees, and every different part and muscle, all the way up to your forehead. Miss Welk believes in letting the student in on all her plans and purposes, and they work together to remould the figure into slender strength and beauty.

To keep up interest Miss Welk has different exercises for the same purpose; and to prevent fatigue she changes the exercises from your legs to your arms, from your hips to your shoulders, from your back to your front, giving you a complete work out without wearing you out mentally or physically.

An exercise done thoughtfully and completely once is worth a dozen headless, careless repetitions, Miss Welk believes.

The student must have a doctor's certificate of health and sign a waiver to enter the class. From there on Miss Welk takes over. The students measure themselves and plan out just what they want to accomplish. All students need encouragement and inspiration. They also need the teacher's sincere and personal interest.

That Miss Welk gives her pupils these overtones is shown in the letters her pupils write to her.

From a middle aged matron who wanted reductions in special places.

"Words can't express what your class has done for me physically and mentally. I have been doing health drills for many years on this beach but with very little results, and I am happy to say that up to now I have lost 3 inches in my waistline. What counts most is this, that the time I spend with you I forget myself and that there is a terrible war. Thanking you for what you are doing for me and many others and hoping that I will be able to continue with you, I am"

MRS. G. B. SWARTZ

A pupil who wanted figure control without weight reduction.

"I would like you to know that I have been simply thrilled with the form of exercise that your classes provide. In the few weeks that I have attended I have really melted off a few inches in measurements although not in weight as yet. But it's been such fun! You know, your classes are so exhilarating that it makes coming to the beach a 'must.'"

LILLIAN ROSSOW

From a doctor's wife, a mother of twins.

"Just a line to express my appreciation of your Physical Fitness Course given at Brighton Beach this summer. The bar work gave me pleasure because it tapered off my figure. The work on the floor with dance patterns delighted me because it made me feel 'light as a fairy' again. It gave a zip to my whole day. May I add that the course has given me an insight into the various forms of dancing so that when I attend a dance recital I now understand the movements more thoroughly."

FRANCES LIEBOWITZ

A student who wanted relaxation.

"Having spent my two week vacation recently at Brighton Beach I would like to thank you for your part in making it so much more enjoyable. I attended your dancing classes and under your splendid teaching not only learned dances I had always wanted to know, but by relaxing more thoroughly I was more capable of enjoying my vacation."

ADELINE WHITTIER

A mother of four grown children.

"I have tried every sport but for some reason or other I have ended up feeling that I didn't get enough out of it. Since I have taken your outdoor dancing lessons I feel that I am exhilarated. I find that every muscle in my body is limbered up without too much of a strain. My measurements are gradually getting smaller. I can walk and stand in better posture without the aid of a girdle. I find that I can consume the required amount of food for energy and still keep my weight down. I have enjoyed every lesson under your supervision. You have been a great inspiration to me. So far I have not missed one lesson since I started and I hope to continue until the end of the season, which I hope will be continued in the fall. Many thanks for all you have done to help me and lots of good luck and health to you."

RUTH DENKER

From a mother of a boy in the A.E.F.

"Have lost two inches in both my stomach and thighs and one inch in my chest. As to my height I have grown 1½ inches. As this is the first year I have taken the course, I want to say that I sure have enjoyed spending every minute in your class. I am very envious of your gracefulness and poise. How one person can work so perfectly is beyond my comprehension. Only for the fact that I see and have experienced my losses and gains, I would not believe any such story."

HELEN FRIEDMAN

From a woman who had studied dancing as a child.

"In short it is revelation to women who never dreamed that such an outlet could put them in a state of body and mind such as your work does. I have been a resident of this community for about 17 years and have made more or less a study of human nature in this community. I can assure you it is most gratifying to observe in a good many the grand change that has come over them as a result of your dancing class. Today, these very folks arise as early as 6 A. M. to do their household duties in order to be on time for your 11 A. M. class."

HELEN ZIMMERMAN

This whole family came to class (except the husband).

"As you know I have been in every class you have conducted at Manhattan Beach so I know how wonderful they are. I have even been able to improve my husband's posture by showing him some of the corrective exercises you taught us. So you can see what far reaching results your efforts have. Thank you for a happy healthy summer and an improved 'this-a' and 'that-a.'"

TERRY WHOHL

Miss Welk believes ballroom dancing especially important in health and figure building. In the first place, it is such fun. It's a natural social activity between the sexes; it uses the natural walking movement as the basic step, and can be a hobby through a whole lifetime, as it always can be adjusted to your age and vitality.

Miss Welk conducted contests in ballroom dancing and introduced the song and dance "The American Way." She taught all the new dances as they came out and kept young and old all agog about the figure they cut on the ballroom floor.

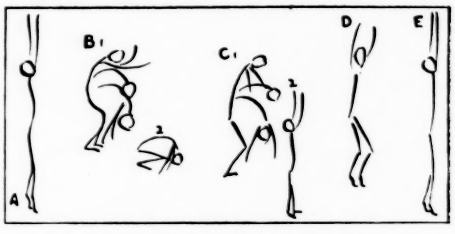
Like a true pedagogue, Miss Welk was always inventing new schemes to interest and inspire her students.

For instance, she cooperated with the art teacher at the beach by going over and dancing and posing for the art classes. Then she encouraged her dance students to attend the art class and sketch. It was amazing how sketching a good dancer improved their own dancing in line and movement. It was even more amazing how interested the student became in the art class, and how well they sketched by the end of the summer.

Before I left Miss Welk I asked her to give us one good dance exercise to keep our figures, and here it is.

ADAGIO EXERCISE in 3/4 time for Relaxation, Body Control, Posture and Figure Improvement.

There are three degrees of carriage: the two extremes, tension and complete relaxation, and the middle course of CONTROL. This exercise utilizes all three, with the final aim being posture and figure improvement with perfect body control.



a. *Reaching for the Moon*: (tension) 6 counts.

Elongate your body as much as possible by lifting the lower ribs off the pelvic girdle (pop the upper off the lower portion of the body). Head erect, spine stretched, arms elevated, rise on toes. This tends to narrow the waist and stretch out all the kinks.

b. *Body Curl*: (Relaxation) 6 counts.

Relaxing every muscle and joint simultaneously, gradually sink forward from the waist, being sure to relax from the nape of the neck, which is the greatest point of tension. Also, bend your knees and drop your lower

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SATIRE IN THE DANCE

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sented for critical consumption on Broadway. However, in spite of the fact that the dance satire might not be as strong at its first presentation as might be hoped, the sincere treatment of the idea coupled with the good choreographic background will put it across.

The student and the beginner often wonder about an original style and how it is developed. They wonder what they can consciously go after to make their style different from others. The answer is NOTHING. Style is a thing that is a product of the gradual development of personality in your work. It is like watching a baby whom you see grow up day by day. You know the baby is growing but you don't actually notice the process. If what you do is a true expression of your own feeling and comes from within yourself it will definitely lead you to a style that will be yours and yours only. I remember discussing just this point with Fannie Brice at one time. She said you go on working, developing, and one day, perhaps even after years, you come to the realization that you have it, and once you have it, you can never lose it. It has become an integral part of your art.

But now we come to the most important question of all. Who are the dancers that should go in for satire or comedy? The answer is, only those who feel a definite urge to satirize the things they see and meet around them. No dancer should go into it because a teacher or friend advises it, or because he feels that it will lead to lucrative remuneration. These motives are bound to lead to failure. However, if one possesses an urge to satirize thru dance form, he must not only have a genuine love of dancing to start with, but he must also take a thorough training in that field if he is to use it as a medium for his comic sense.

One of the best examples of a contemporary artist possessing these qualities is Mr. Ray Bolger. Though his specialty is tap dancing, he has a great love for all dance forms and a deeper understanding of dance techniques than one might suspect. I talked with him many times in his dressing room during the run of *On Your Toes* on just that subject.

His approach to the satiric dance usually is psychological, playing on a human frailty which one meets everywhere in everyday life. The pattern of the insufficient person who puts on an air of braggadocio to cover his deficiency is too well known to need further comment. In his satire on a Ballroom Team, Mr. Bolger paints just this character sketch of the male member of the team. He dances the number alone, but by his pantomime one can easily see what his young lady partner is supposed to be doing. He comes on, king of all he surveys and delusions of grandeur stamped even in his very walk. By the way he leads his partner on, it is obvious that she means nothing to him and that he is using her just as a foil for his "glorious self." It is also obvious, however, that the audience thinks quite the opposite. There is the point for his satire. There are none so blind as those who will not see, and he refuses to see that it is she who is responsible for the ahs and ohs and the applause. Towards the end of the dance he throws the young lady high into the air and catches her as she comes down. He throws her again, and by waiting longer to catch her you have visions of her having been thrown much higher. The third time, with a tremendous heave he throws her again, and this time so high that he almost goes into a back bend as he watches her soar higher and higher. He waits for her to come down. She doesn't. She's caught in the flys of course and will probably have to be extricated. He looks disgusted and shrugs at the audience implying, "Well, what else can you expect from such a dumbbell." He makes his exit bowing to his "adoring public," at the same time giving the impression that he feels that were it not for his presence and his great talent, what with his partner refusing to come down, the act would certainly have gone to pot.

He made me feel while listening to him that he had not yet begun to do all that he felt and wanted to do, even though the audiences had already accepted his work as complete. As I stood in the wings watching him, I knew that future audiences would be even more surprised at the greatness of his scope. His work this season in *By Jupiter* proves just that, and he has not even yet run his full gamut. It is his honest approach to dance, to theatre, to himself as an artist, as well as sheer physical labor that have been responsible for his success. It will encourage beginners to know that when Bolger first started, he was cancelled after a first performance at a theatre in upper New York State.

ALEXIS ROTOV

Alexis Rotov was born in Russia and came to the United States when he was five years old. He began studying dancing almost immediately after arriving in this country. His first training was in the Duncan method and in the Dalcroze school of eurythmics. He later studied ballet with Clustine, in the Pavlowa school at the N. Y. Hippodrome. Pavlowa for whom he had danced gave him a scholarship in the school. Although Clustine taught, she came in several times a week to supervise. Later he studied wiith Alberteri, Oumansky, Fokine, Proebrajenska and last with Mikhail Mordkin. He toured the United States with the Mordkin Russian Ballet, appearing with such principal dancers as Vera Nemtchinova, Hilda Butsova and Pierre Vladimiroff. He always showed a marked interest in the satiric, and often at rest periods during rehearsals he would satirize the famous dancers of the world much to the amusement of the members of the Mordkin company. After several seasons with the Russian Ballet he decided to go into the popular theatre with his dance satires. (He is one of the few dancing comedians before the public today who has had a thorough background in the classic dance. Critics never fail to remark in their notices that as well as being a gifted comedian, Mr. Rotov is definitely a fine dancer, employing in his medium all the great tradition of the classic dance.) He has appeared at the Radio City Music Hall, The Roxy Theatre, the Paramount, Rex and Gaumont Palace Theatres in Paris, and in the important Music Halls of London, Rome, the Casino at Monte Carlo. Several seasons ago he toured Russia for three and a half months appearing in Leningrad, Moscow and Kiev.

photo by Gerda Peterich

Alexis Rotov dancing "The Portrait of a Continental Officer Waltzing" described below.

As an illustration to show the physical structure in the development of a dance satire, I will describe one of my own numbers *Portrait of a Continental Officer Waltzing*. In it the officer wears a military coat, tights, and the boots of a Huzzar. A large cavalry sabre is at his side, and a monocle in his eye. He enters a ballroom giving the impression that he thinks himself so grand, the ladies will swoon for sheer delight at the sight of him. He asks a lady to dance with him. She refuses. He looks more incredulous than disappointed. He asks another lady, and she, too, refuses. He makes a face at her when she is obviously not looking (just as boys sometimes do behind teacher's back) but she turns about just in time to catch him. He salutes, shrugs his shoulders and decides to dance alone. He begins to waltz, and the movement causes the sabre which is hanging at his side to travel to the front. He almost trips over it. He tries to kick it aside, smiling at the guests at the same time. He must preserve his official dignity at all costs. As he dances, the sword continually gets in his way, and the monocle keeps dropping out of his eye. By this time he is visibly struggling to maintain his elf composure. He is obviously annoyed as he keeps putting the monocle back in his eye and adjusting his sword. The waltz gets faster and wilder. He takes a quick pirouette and stops with a stamp of his foot. The pirouette has given the sword the momentum to swing around, and on the beat after he stops the sword smacks him a wallop from behind. He adjusts the sword and the monocle again and repeats the pirouette. The same thing happens. By this time, to hide his chagrin, he begins to turn quickly in place. The faster he goes, the faster the sword travels around the belt at his waist. He tries to get hold of it, almost as a dog does when chasing his tail. He finally stops knowing the sword will land with a clunk at his side when he does, kicks it up into his hand, pretends to see someone off stage, waves to him and goes off as though nothing had happened, feeling sure that his dignity still remains intact.

THE NEEDED SOCIAL TONIC

(*Continued from Page 22*)

laugh and weep rhythmically; our heart beats rhythmically.

The function of nerve centers and brain is a microrhythmic movement of fibers and molecules. Love is a rhythmic manifestation of evolution in psychical terms. Thus music and dancing as outstanding rhythmic forces have a deciding psycho-dynamic power on our mind and action. Art without rhythm is an empty display of inner energy. It is only through the difference in rhythmic patterns that a tone becomes a dance music, a love song, or a hymn. In other words, rhythmic action is an essential inner tonic for our mental and physical strength.

Since we lack deep intuitive rhythmic dance and music in our lives today, we behave like wire-pulled puppets in our social and political affairs. We have progressed industrially and economically, but we have remained backward nomads in our aesthetic and cultural life because of an arhythmic pattern in all our urban affairs. Note the noise of the subway, our motor cars, aeroplanes, radio broadcasts and social vogues. With the loss of rhythmic nature in our superficial affairs, we have lost our rhythmic arts, of which music and dance play the deciding roles. Our taste has become stale, our emotions shrunk to mechanical makeshifts, and our mental focus to inch-stick orders, so that we are easy mediums to all the mesmeric tricks of public pounders, no better than the Old World masses and their dictators. Marching on such mechanized roads we have become nothing but helpless mediums without the needed rhythmic tonic to set our own rhythm and patterns of life.

Music and dancing were employed by the Egyptians at home, in social festivals, on the occasion of marriage, birth, death, in war and in the temples. Their folk dances were as fiery and gay as the temperament of their race. Being worshippers of all the celestial bodies, the Egyptians practiced in their temples certain astronomical ballets. Queen Cleopatra was so fond of dancing that she, herself, gave performances in dimly lighted temples to encourage the worshippers to support her reforms.

According to the Indian religious doctrine the gods danced as the stars dance in the sky. The Buddhistic religion has emphasized dancing as a divine part of rituals, the magic medium for spiritual communion.

The ancient Chinese philosophers recommended dancing to strengthen the human body and mind. A great stimulant to the public to defend their country was the Chinese Sword Dance, which was developed to a historic ballet-pantomime and performed on special critical occasions.

In Greece the dance was considered as the essential feature of all mystic powers of life, so that it was performed at home, in social gatherings, in ceremonial public meetings and in temples. Plato praised the dance as not only the most reliable weapon in warfare but as an elevating power in everyday life. With dance the Greeks developed such beautiful bodies that they no longer needed to hide their plastic lines with garments. There were the famous Pyrrhic dances, the Cordax dances, the Dionysian and Eleusian Mysteries and also the Rondes, all well known public ceremonies to develop the spiritual strength of the Greeks.

photo: Nishiyama

About ten years ago Ruth St. Denis decided to devote her time to starting a religious dance movement in the United States. She inaugurated weekly meetings in her studio at which religious dances of all cultures were presented. She formed a Temple Dance Group which danced with her in programs of the religious dance. Her efforts culminated in a gorgeous religious dance spectacle at the Riverside Church. She formed subsequent groups of Temple dancers at Adelphi College and the Truth Center. The photograph above shows Miss St. Denis with her Temple Dancers.

Folk dances have been the greatest moral stimulants from the early nomadic age until today. The well known Spanish folk dances such as the Boleros, the Jotas, and the Zorongos have been considered the outstanding public expressions, especially in critical times of the country. In the same way the Irish Jig, the Scotch Sword Dances and the English Morris Dances have been used as mystic means of social stimulation. The Russian folk dances reflect the racial character and serve as special spiritual tonics in their displays. Thus the dances of the Ukranian, Crimean and Caucasus regions are outspokenly romantic and epic; those of Siberia and Volga regions, tragic and heroic. Even the widespread old social dances such as the Minuets and Gavottes had their intrinsic power to arouse emotions.

To a great extent we have drifted to a prevailing chaotic state by ignoring the timely spiritual stimulation of dance and music. We have lost the mystic spring of rhythmic aesthetics, the soul stimulating role of dance and music and, therefore, behave like lost wanderers in wilderness. Our unrhythmic and unmelodic dances and music, swings, jazzes jigs and syncopated concoctions, have left us easy victims to all kinds of boulevardian pushes, delusions and despairs.

The subconscious craving of the contemporary social soul is for rhythmic tonic. Our intuitional and emotional impulses cry out for timely psychical stimulants, timely soothing drops for the soul. We are on the verge of a volcanic social cycle, which can be best overcome by proper moral means such as stimulating dance and music can provide far better than the elaborately planned political pushes. The mad political potentates are using air for murder and destruction, when we should use air for effective mental means in music and dance. These can be raised to new floating magic, to an actual levitating plane in our subjective selves and thus function to relieve our epidemic of arythmic madness.

There is something so disappointing in our modern music and dance, that we should look for immediate help not only in revived folk arts and classic creations, but also in the ignored attempts of many of our good modern composers. The chief drawback of music, today is the lack of right rhythmic character and symbolic substance. The themes have neither emotional images nor intuitional sparks. There is only the sophisticated slant to be found in the prevailing vogues of shops and show places. This irritates the intrinsic side of the social soul in a way that neither the principles of folk arts nor the classic rhythmic rules ever did. The folk dance or folk song, for instance, reflected the symbolic side of nature; sunshine, rain, winds, birds and rhythm of rural life. Consequently, we must find something rhythmic, melodic and symbolic in our mechanical, urban atmosphere. Our noisy streets, hysterical hurry and unmelodic artificial life must be somehow connected with timely aesthetic images and ironical rhythmic designs. The sophisticated side of music and dance with its boulevardian tendency has become a serious problem to our moral sense. Our modern dance and music masters should realize the situation and make an immediate change, even as a number of living Russian composers and dancers have done. I merely need to mention the fact that the Moscow ballet dances the compositions of Gliere, McDowell and Farewell, and the Red Army camps perform dances to music of Sibelius and Whithorne, simply because these compositions give a timely moral tonic.

Since we are living in a cycle of cosmic aesthetic ideals, dance should become a pioneer art in the new era, with all past isolated national characteristics melting into one new world rhythmic tonic. We live today in an era in which aesthetics are melting from the folk arts to the universal ideal of a cosmo-dynamic tomorrow. From a racial rural atmosphere we have reached the door of a common urbanized age with a craving for a cosmic rhythmic elixir. As a motor car of America has become a vehicle for France, Russia and China, thus a cosmo-rhythmic dance of Russia should stimulate an American, Spaniard or Frenchman. As in the past when dance was a vital stimulant to the nomadic nations, now it should be the same and even more to us, a kind of rhythmic ritual in terms of today. School, stage and altar should be transformed into the new cultural cores of nations, with economics and politics as the mere outside ropes of our civilization.

KING AND BALLERINA

(*Continued from Page* 13)

danseuse, had disappeared along with the ballet master. In a letter to one of his friends the king expressed his irritation:

"I am very happy to be rid of this extravagant boy. But it is highly annoying that Roland has run off with him."

He wrote an article about the pair and took pains to see that it was published in Berlin, Paris and London newspapers. In this article, it was falsely pretended that the directors of the Berlin Opera had driven Poitiers out. A not very royal revenge!

In the meantime the king had commanded his envoy in Paris to engage a new ballet master immediately and in addition two premiere ballerinas. This time, he received the best young ballet master who could possibly have been found in Paris, Jean-Barthélemy Lany. When, four years later, Lany returned to Paris, he soon became ballet master of the Paris Opera and won great fame as a creator of ballets, as a teacher of the dance, and for breathing new life into ballet.

Lany brought with him his sister Madeleine. She was then scarcely 15 years old. Twenty years later, she was considered the first woman dancer of all Europe, at least second to Therese Vestris. The king at once perceived the outstanding ability of the couple. The day after their appearance he wrote to his sister, the Marquise de Bayreuth, "Lany is undeniably one of the greatest dance personalities in Europe; his sister, though still almost a child, dances with flawless precision."

Much more important for the king, however, was the fact that, finally, Barbara Campanini, known as La Barbarina, was engaged for Berlin, the ballerina who for a long time had been the object of his interest. The king had no idea what trouble was in store for him. This young Italian ballerina had come to Paris four years before at the age of 18, with her teacher Antonio Rinaldi, called Fossano. Barbarina, with her overwhelming temperament, her enchanting careless grace, and Fossano, whom Noverre long remembered as the "most spirited of the comique dancers," took Paris by storm. They showed the audience of the Paris Opera something altogether new, Italian burlesque dance pantomimes combining acrobatic leaping with the burlesque fun of the Commedia dell' Arte. Barbarina especially fascinated her public with her springing technique. She was the first woman ever to execute the Entrechat à huit. Interest in this beautiful girl with the large dark eyes increased with the spread of "scandales intimes" about her throughout the French capital.

From Paris, Barbarina visited London several times, and each time her fame grew greater. In London she studied serious dances and was then as successful in serious ballets as in her comic dancing.

M. de Chambrier, the Prussian representative in Paris, had for a long time wished to engage this danseuse for Berlin. Finally, in autumn 1743, he succeeded in drawing up a contract with her to come to Berlin in February 1744. She had previously contracted to dance in Venice during the Carnival.

But once again, Frederick of Prussia, this great friend of the Muses and ballerinas,

Sketch of Marianne Cochois, 18th Century ballerina, by C. B. Glassbach.

was given cause to fly into a rage about a member of his ballet. Barbarina did not, as it happened, travel alone from Paris to Venice, but with her newest friend, young Lord Stuart Mackenzie. When the time for her trip to Berlin approached, she found that she did not wish to leave Venice and her attractive Lord. She simply declared that the contract was not binding.

But now the angry king showed his hand. He ordered his envoy in Venice to negotiate with the government there. At the same time he ordered his envoy in Vienna, "de concerter avec l'Ambassadeur de Venise sur les moyens de faire venir cette créature sûrement." When the government of Venice seemed reluctant to become involved in this quarrel, the king arrested a Venetian envoy who happened to be traveling through Prussia. Then at last, Venice declared her readiness to help the king.

Barbarina was brought to the Austrian border under guard of a Venetian cavalry company. There, a representative of the king offered his services in the most gallant and flattering manner imaginable. He was ordered to treat the danseuse as politely and diplomatically as possible and to make her long travel pleasant and comfortable. She arrived in Berlin none the worse for travel. Five days later she danced before the king for the first time. She entranced Frederick as well as the entire audience. The king ordered a new contract to be presented to her in which the clause dealing with her yearly salary was left blank: she was to name her own figure. She was not modest.

Soon the rumor of an intimacy between the king and the dancer penetrated even the court of Stockholm. The crown princess of Sweden, the Prussian king's sister, wrote to her younger brother, "Tell me, confidentially, is it true that the king has fallen in love with Barbarina? After all, I suspected it before my departure from Berlin."

At the same time, Lany, the ballet master, engaged four male dancers from Paris. Among them Jean-Georges Noverre, who a few years later became the greatest dance creator of the century. At that time the Berlin Opera had a dance ensemble of such excellence and such youth (Lany 27, Barbarina 24, Cochois 20, Madeleine 16, Noverre 17) as was never to be seen in Berlin again.

With this dance troupe, Lany was able to dare something utterly unheard of in Berlin. He performed the ballet "Pygmalion"—i.e. the first "ballet d'action" in the history of modern theatrical dancing, created and produced by Marie Sallé in London in 1734. This ballet presented the story of the sculptor who fell in love with his own creation and who, with the help of the goddess Venus, brought the statue to life. A contemporary report described how Barbarina as the statue came to life. "She began to stir, and the movement increased in intensity gradually like a god-like spark which spreads about until it bursts into flame."

The Berlin ballet had successfully passed its crucial test.

* * *

PHYSICAL FITNESS

(*Continued from Page* 26)

jaw in order to allow all of the tension to literally ooze out of the body. Finish, sitting on heels. This rids the body and mind of that "pent up feeling."

c. *Building Good Posture*: (correction) 12 counts.

Place weight on outer arches, knees straightened, bringing them directly over heels, hips directly over knees, buttocks drawn under, with hips, neck and shoulders relaxed slightly, head high, arms elevated. All the while visualize your spine pressing against an imaginary wall. Fit each part into its proper place, building from the foundation up, while raising the body gradually to perfect alignment. This makes for fine posture and will acquaint you with the many muscles that must be controlled.

d. *Controlled Dance Movement*: (Control) i.e. (photograph) 18 counts.

Rise on the balls of the feet being sure to place the weight on the outer arch. Walk forward six steps counting three to each movement and drawing the buttocks tightly under. Bend the knees slightly as you lift the leg from the hip and reach the toe. The walk is that of a tight-rope walker carefully picking her way along a rope.

e. *Breath Control and Body Elongation*: 6 counts.

Breathe deeply, pulling the diaphragm up and expanding the ribs as you GROW to your fullest height, straighten your knees, head is back, stretch the spine and lift as high as you can, imagining you are trying to grow at least two inches. Breathe deeply in order to replenish the supply of fresh air and then expel the stale air.

NOTE: This exercise should be repeated five times from beginning to end on the first day and gradually increased daily until you can do it fifteen times with ease. Never *over exercise.* You know best how much you can take, so judge accordingly. Remember also not to be too kind to yourself, as you may actually be inconsiderate of your own physical needs, thus doing yourself an injustice.

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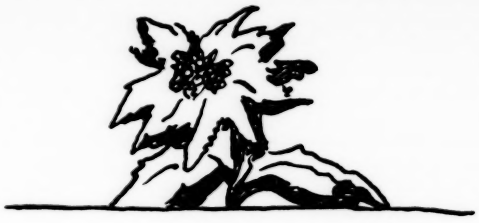

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AMERICAN BALLET

(*Continued from* Page 12)

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Tschaikowsky's "The Queen of Spades" with Emil Cooper conducting, will be the next ballet to be presented.

We are looking forward with pleasure to the New Opera Company's next program of the sister arts of song, drama and dance.

* * *

RAINBOW ROOM

(*Continued from Page* 11)

accents; sweet bands, hot bands, rumba bands; and of course, dancers of all kinds and varieties.

"I think Mr. Roy likes his dancers to be either very beautiful or very funny. At our try-out my partner, Bentley Stone, and I did about twelve dances for him. Among the ones he picked was a solo of mine called "Tropic" which is a very exotic, rather ugly, but withal an extremely interesting dance. The lazy, fierce mood of the hot countries is

(*Continued on Page* 32)

MOSCOW CABLEGRAM

(*Continued from Page* 9)

the well known Soviet poet Edward Bagritsky and "Meditations on Opanas" and his "Carnival" are all profoundly romantic pieces of music.

Green's charming tale pleased the composer's fancy because it appealed strongly to his sense of the romantic. Thus for two years he has been composing a ballet on the theme of Alexander Green's fantastic story. This ballet covers 158 pages.

Several friends and I had occasion to listen to fragments of the music while he was composing it and we were charmed by its superbly lyrical quality.

Some time ago the Bolshoi Theatre of Opera and Ballet decided to produce Vladimir Yurovsky's ballet and within the next few weeks the excellent dance troupe of this theatre begins full dress rehearsals of the ballet.

The very first day his ballet was accepted for production the young composer worked together with the theatre, eagerly observing rehearsals.

I met him a few days ago when he came from Kuibyshev, where the Bolshoi has taken up temporary residence, to spend a week in Moscow. He still was wholly engrossed in his ballet and told me that he was anxious to get back to Kuibyshev as soon as possible.

"Why don't you take a little rest?" I suggested as I glanced at his feverish eyes and sallow checks.

"Rest!" he exclaimed. "Do you really mean it? Well, that is the least thing that bothers me. Orchestra rehearsals will begin shortly and that means that seventy-five professors on the orchestra of the opera theatre will read my score. Do you think I am going to miss this opportunity? It will be like attending an academy session."

He spoke with great enthusiasm of the performers and told me that Olga Lepeshinskaya, winner of the Stalin award, widely famous for her exquisite rendering of the title role in "Don Quixote" will appear as Assol. In all, four hundred dancers will take part in the performance plus one hundred musicians in the orchestra. Sets for "Assol" have been designed by the well known scenic artist, Piotr Williams, who has likewise done scenery for the Bolshoi Theatre's new opera "William Tell" which will have its premiere during the 25th birthday celebrations of the Soviet State.

Yurovsky assures me that this new production will be one of the successes of the opera season.

"When is the first night of the ballet?" I inquired.

"On the 18th of December."

"So your dream of crimson sails is coming true!" I said jestingly.

"Yes", he replied, but there was a sad note in his voice, "Now at a time like this, there can be only one wish, one dream, one hope. To hasten the day when our fatherland will drive the fascists out of our land so that our country may again be graced by the happy smiles and ringing laughter of the most daring of dreamers, the Russian people".

NIKOLAI VIRTA

Editor's Note: We will be glad to answer any inquiries on this message.

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RAINBOW ROOM

(*Continued from Page* 30)

felt in this impression of the creeping jungle of the tropics. I thought it strong meat for a night club. We tried it, and Mr. Roy changed his mind. From then on we stuck to our poetical and comical dances.

"We were also rather surprised that he wanted us to do our concert dance arranged to the *Liebestod* music of Wagner. We thought it too long and too serious for a night club, but *we* were wrong this time. It was not exactly what Variety calls a "socko" number, but the audience always sat completely quiet and attentive, even on Saturday nights and even more surprising on "debutante" nights, which are by far our most difficult audiences. We used the Liszt piano arrangement of the Wagner music uncut, because, if well played, we like it better than an orchestra. Unless there is a full symphony, which is really too overpowering for just two dancers, it is better to use the piano, alone. Besides, Liszt's arrangement is very pianistic. The dance is in heroic mood and attempts to depict the timeless quality of love and death. This, of course, is a big order. We used a large dark blue cloth in the dance, not as decoration, but to represent the idea of the shadow of death which comes between the two lovers. Musicians and dancers were usually very critical of our use of the famous Wagner music, but sculptors and painters almost invariably appreciated the dance for its form. The musicians, of course, have fixed and pre-conceived ideas about the Love-Death music. Then, too, almost all dancers today are frightened at the idea of interpreting music. However, we have not tried to interpret the music, but have attempted with as much economy of movement as possible to let it flow around us, following only the sweeping line of the structure of the composition.

"But if our *Liebestod* was not quite a 'socko' number, Variety said that our 'Zephyr and Flora' was both 'socko' and 'clicko.' It is a caricature of ballet inanities and rivalries danced in the manner and costume of an early 19th century print. My partner is particularly funny in this, with his little mustache, a wreath of roses, and his bored expression as he has to lift the ballerina around. Finally, his smile of contentment when he gets to do his first steps alone at last, quite brings down the house.

"Concert dancers need to enlarge their field of activity, so why not night clubs? But I see now what people meant when they said to me, 'But the Rainbow Room is not a night club.' No, it is not: it is a unique and civilized American institution.

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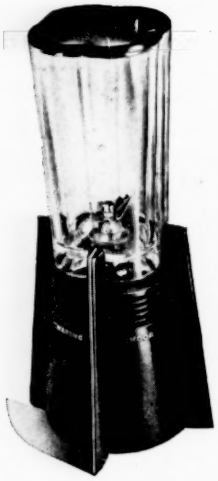

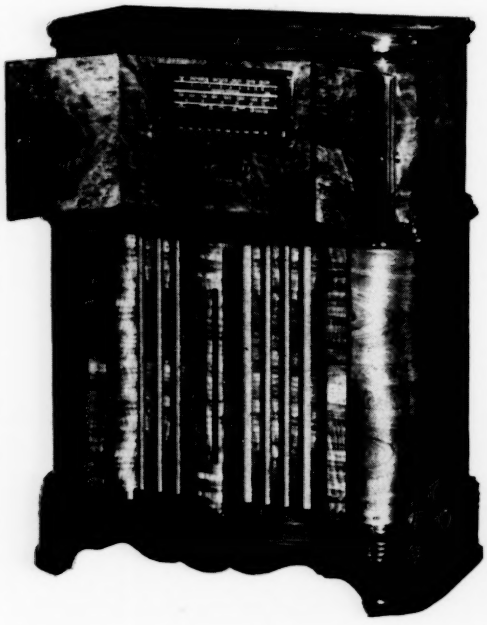

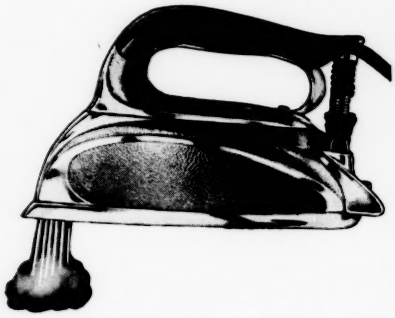

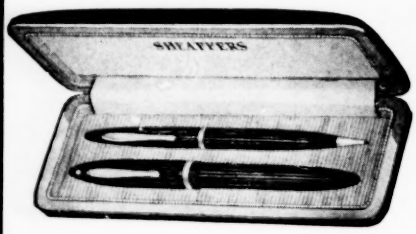

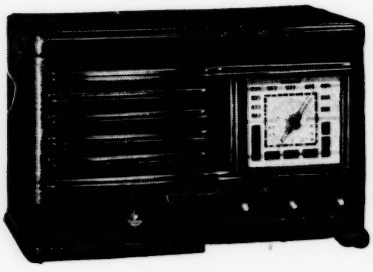

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Communique

by "CORYPHEE"

Ouch! The worst has happened. The Rainbow Room, home of the swankier dance presentations of the last decade, closes its doors on January 1 for the duration. The reason is the increasing shortage in manpower. Great numbers of the international, as well as local socialites, will be practically homeless. Oh, the pity of it all! . . . Alexis Dolinoff is still in civilans. He has been deferred for a short period . . . Argentinita's company suffered a casualty when the army withdrew Federico Rey from her carefully built ensemble of three. However, the lady lost no time. Her new partner bows in on January 7 or thereabouts. His name is Jose Greco . . . Federico Rey, it should be noted, is not only lost to the dance world, but to the world of costume designing. His last job was costuming the "Icecapades". He was born in Holland and the name was originally Freddy Wittop-King . . . Ice must have great charms judging from the number of ballet dancers which flock to it. We note former Littlefield Ballet dancers Bobbie Wilson, Ray Koby, Jimmie Wright and Jimmie Kenny in "Stars On Ice". Muriel Pack, former coryphee at the Music Hall is to be found in the same show . . . Lee Sherman, former Humphrey-Weidman dancer, and lately choreographer for the departed (and lamented) "Wine, Women and Song", appeared in the gala Xmas show at the Roxy at the head of a group including Freda Flier (formerly with Martha Graham and Dance Players), Lucas Hovinga (formerly with the Jooss Ballet), Erik Christian (Dance Players), Lavina Nielsen, Jack Dunphy (Dance Players and American Ballet), and Mr. Sherman's partner, Beatrice Seckler. The latter appeared recently at the Rainbow with Lee Sherman, Charles Weidman, Katherine Litz and Peter Hamilton. Sherman and the group danced his compositions called "Rumba Rhapsody" and "Dubarry Was No Lady". Oh yes, how *could* we forget? The Roxy Xmas show was headlined by the Brazilian dynamo, Carmen Miranda, and abetted by the Nicholas Brothers . . . Angna Enters was having a show at the Newhouse Galleries, not dancing, paintings . . . Mme. Anderson-Ivantsova reports: Patricia Bowman has returned from a season as prima ballerina at the Chicago Civic Opera and she opened on December 24th in "Coppelia" at the Capitol Theatre in Washington. Ada Verova, who has been with the Meyer Davis Orchestra, appeared as ballerina of the "Merry Widow" which opened in Newark on December 27th. Marguerite de Anguera, late of the Jooss Ballet, has departed for her third engagement in recent months at the Club Samovar in Montreal. Nadia Veralle is appearing at the Casino Russe in New York. Patricia Deering will appear in the forthcoming Michael Todd production. Martha Manners is appearing currently in local bistros . . . Vycheslav Swoboda reports that Oleg Dunaeff, after having a tremendous success in his first solo role at the Met in "Aida", and after receiving the personal congratulations of director Edward Johnson, packed up and left for the army . . . Sailors make better dancers than soldiers says Clara Schuckman, who ought to know a little something about the subject as she teaches men in service how to dance at the U. S. Service Club. Miss Schuckman is one of a large group of hostesses who gives regular evenings to entertain merchant seamen at the United Seamen's Service Club . . . Fortune Gallo ran a fourth week of opera at the Chicago Civic Opera from November 30th to December 5th with the ballet under the direction of Ruth Page . . . A ballet that's beautiful but all wet is being danced under water by Belita and James Caesar. Before you get the shivers just thinking about it, the place is California and the water is quite warm. Belita was once the protegee and pupil of Anton Dolin and within the last few years branched into dance-skating. The under water dancing is the adventurous young lady's newest career . . . The N. Y. World-

Ted Shawn and Corp. Barton Mumaw in an Indian number which they danced in a concert for the service men. Corp. Mumaw also danced in the army show, "High Flight", recently given at Keesler Field, and Shawn did the choreography.

Vol. XVI No. 2 DANCE MAGAZINE JANUARY, 1943

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Telegram recently ran a story on Robert De Voye and Kenneth Davis, cousins from a farm way down east who ditched the plow and the barn and took up ballet dancing. They had a letter recently from one of their uncles which said, "God does not smile on the things you boys are doing. They are more the work of the devil. Can you think of your minister's wife as a ballet dancer?" he queries. We honestly can't say we do Today, two years from the day they arrived in New York, these boys are appearing in the ballet of the Metropolitan Opera as members of the corps-de-ballet. Oh yes, we mustn't forget. Their grandmother, seventy-three years old, approves of ballet dancing . . . Nathaniel Wolff writes from Mexico City that December 12th, the day of the Virgin of Guadalupe, as a brilliant spectacle with its accompaniment of native dances. Local activity in Mexico City has been confined to a recital by the Carroll School presented at the Palace of Fine Arts . . . "Doodle Dandy of the U.S.A.", the Junior Programs musical treat for kiddies (adults, too) came to town Xmas week. The dances of this play were choreographed by Ted Shawn. Sam Steen played the title role of "Doodle Dandy, trouble-shooter for the good old U.S.A." . . . Edwin Strawbridge has recently joined forces with the Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre of New York . . . A panel discussion arranged by the editorial board of the DANCE OBSERVER was held at the Y.M.H.A. on January 7th. The topic was "Choreography and the Modern Dance" and "Ballet and the Modern Dance." Louis Horst was chairman and the guest speakers were Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Valerie Bettis and George Beiswanger . . . Dr. Norman Gutherie, a pioneer in dancing in the church, and one-time pastor of St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie, writes greetings to DANCE Magazine from his home in Stamford, Conn. A picture of dancers in St. Marks appeared in the issue of December, 1942 in connection with Ivan Narodny's article and Dr. Guthrie comments: "Thanks for the first 'professional' acknowledgment of 'St. Marks' frightfully fatal pioneering (always damned as amateur). Thanks for Truth's sake" . . . DANCE-INDEX has just completed its first year of publication. In 1942 it was devoted to starting a basic history of dancing in the United States. In 1943 it will expand on the international scene. Forthcoming articles promised are Marian Winter's fine study on the American ballerina, Augusta Maywood, Rosita O'Neill on the Dodworth family, an album of Nijinsky photos, dancing in Brazil, and Ann Barzel's revealing European dance teachers in America . . . The Negro Dance Company held studio recitals every day during Xmas week. Its New York season is due this month . . . Los Gitanillos, a Spanish team just up from Mexico, made their local debut at La Martinique in December . . . Carmen Amaya returned to Broadway on January 4 when she opened at La Conga with the usual accompaniment of brothers, cousins and uncles. The floor at La Conga is in for an awful beating, we fear . . . Corinne and Tito Valdez, once the rage of Paree, are the rage at the Latin Quarter . . . Dance satirists Hibberd, Bird and LaRue are also being seen at the Latin Quarter . . . The Versailles rejoices in Elsa Maxwell and the ballet-

photo: Edward W. Kehl

Johnny Long with Aennchen entertaining the boys at the Upper Darby Stage Door Canteen, Manoa, Penna. That is the way the dance orchestra leaders and dance teachers should cooperate. Congratulations to you, Johnny and Aennchen!

dancing team Ellsworth and Fairchild, among others . . . Alison Delarue of the Cooper Union Museum has arranged an exhibition of pre-Civil war ballet memorabilia of the period between 1830-60. It is on exhibit at the Student's Library at Cooper Union . . . The DANCE OBSERVER's third venture into the managerial field is scheduled for January 20 and 21 at the Studio Theatre. The dancers are Lee Sherman and Beatrice Seckler, Marie Marchowsky and group, and Welland Lathrop and group . . . The new Riobamba, a new night spot which can be described as lush, features the Chandra Kaly dancers . . .

The Kurt Jooss group seems to be slowly coalescing, although there is as yet, no sign of life from Dartington Hall . . . Mona Inglesby's *Twelfth Night* holds the attention of the London balletgoer. The production is Inglesby's; the choreography is by Andree Howard, and the music by Grieg. Nina Tarakanova and Harold Turner bring character to their parts, and are very well liked.

Further Communique from London: Our ever so loyal correspondent in London, W. G. Raffe, writes that a famine of dance books is developing in London. Studies of companies and of individual dancers have vanished completely. The war time theatre, however, is booming. They have lost a few theatres through bombings. The Old Vic is shut, Dalys and another destroyed; otherwise, the theatres are crammed. A group of enterprising Moslem dancers headed by Rafiq Anwar, are doing a series of concerts on East Indian dances. Mr. Raffe is now in the throes of writing a full length study of Soviet Ballet, an analysis of the origin of the post-1918 ballet in Russia. Mr. Raffe, whose acquaintance with Russian ballet dates from his earliest art-student days in Paris, is a member of the Ballet Guild, a lecturer for the London County Council and London University on "Theatre", and a writer in pre-war days for the Dancing Times. When he was in Russia he wrote for the Vechernaya Moskva and Pravda . . .

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Gossip's Corner by Tattler

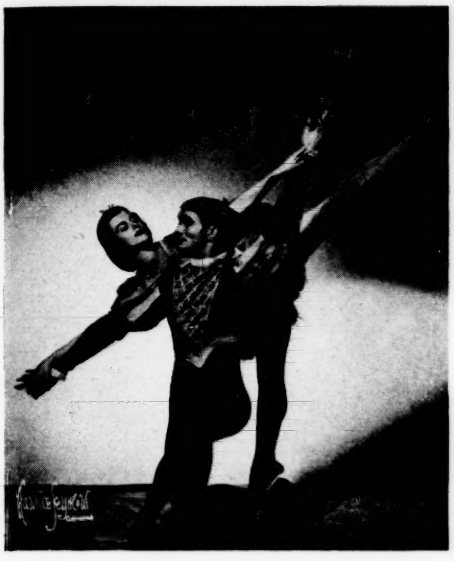
A dispatch from Philadelphia advises us that Dorothie Littlefield has a Junior Ballet Company well under way. The dancers are fifteen years old and under. Sister Catherine is responsible for the ice choreography in the new Sonja Henie show. The former Littlefield company is scattered among our armed forces far and wide. Carl Littlefield (known as Cleighton) is an aviation cadet in southern California. Dorothie's husband, Bill Love, is in the marines, Eric Giles, marine corps, has seen action in the Solomons, is now on his way home and Bill Laye is stationed at Pearl Harbor with the marines. Bill Blake is with the army in Alaska, and Hugh O'Meigher is somewhere on the seas. Other dancers now serving, at points undisclosed are George Hecht, Hy Lowe, Leo Scott, and Bud Bankhert.

More About Troop Movements: Nobody knows why Ian Gibson's name continues to appear on Ballet Theatre programs when Gibson is far from footlights and greasepaint and deep in the heart of the Signal Corps. Just one of those mysteries. Another Ballet Theatre alumnus, David Nillo, is now in naval training. Lawrence Hostetler, popular ballroom teacher, was a recent enlistee. Paul Haakon, after an interlude at the Music Hall, has returned to his post in the army as an aviation instructor. Lew Christensen, after months of indecision on the part of his draft board, is now in the infantry. The Ballet Theatre lost George Skibine to the army in November. This company seems to have suffered the greatest number of losses of any of the big companies.

The Ballet Theatre enjoyed a two week vacation in December when it got into St. Louis. Some of its personnel made jumps to Chicago, and some as far away as Mexico, before returning to work on January 1st . . . The ballet in the 1942 season of the Chicago Opera danced two programs outside its regular opera assignments. The first included Ravel's "Bolero" with Ruth Page and Walter Camryn in the leading roles. Patricia Bowman danced her own "Acceleration Waltz", Bettina Rossy, Betsy Ross and Walter Camryn appeared in the "Minuet" from Bizet's "L'Arlesienne", and Patricia Bowman and Walter Camryn danced a waltz from "La Traviata". The second program consisted of a suite of dances which were prepared for the opera "Lakme", which was not sung this season because of Lily Pons' various indispositions. Prima ballerina Patricia Bowman was lovely as the "Aspara", an oriental spirit. Guest artist Vera Mirova with David Ahdar danced an authentic oriental number arranged by Miss Mirova. Ruth Page, in a fabulous costume brought from the East, appeared in a "Dance of the Idol" . . . Ted Shawn, after a brief rest on the west coast, hopped to Keesler Field, Miss. to join Barton Mumaw in a series of recitals for the army post there. Mumaw has been dancing at the Community House, or as it is better known, the "Goodbye House", almost every week since his induction into the army on May 1, 1942. Oreste Sergeievsky, in the tank corps at Fort Knox, appeared recently in a program of his own compositions, Russian and Spanish at the local service center . . .

Carmen Amaya, who since her arrival on these shores has been a metaphor-maker's holiday, has kept her nose pretty close to the grindstone this month, appearing in several concerts both in the city and Brooklyn. Her next is at the YMHA on January 31st . . . Sarita Romero, a Spanish dancer from whom more should be heard of, but isn't, is currently engaged in the USO shows . . . Devi Dja, the Balinese dancer, who was marooned in the U. S. A. with her company of dancers upon the eve of her returning to the Nether-

Maria Montez, center dancing in an Arabian scene in Universal's Technicolor hit, "Arabian Nights"



Dorothy Littlefield, dancing here with Tom Cannon, is busy with her new Junior Ballet Co. and her ballet class just for skaters. Here is an idea for you, dancers and skaters.

lands East Indies, is happily back in the harness, and has appeared on the Students Dance Recital series. Her program included the dances of Bali, Java, and Sumatra . . . The East and West Association played host to La Meri at Hunter College Auditorium on December 1st. La Meri and her group of Natya dancers will again appear under these auspices at the same place on January 8th and February 5th, dancing Polynesian and Eastern programs. The fourth of a series of ethnologic dances at the School of Natya was given on December 22nd. The ballet, "Krishna Gopala" was presented with La Meri in the title role. Dr. Marguerite Block, curator of the Busch collection at Columbia University, spoke on the Krishna cult, which was illustrated by colored slides...

Jack Cole has had a change of heart and has abandoned the Cole Porter show "Something for the Boys". He is engaged at the moment with rehearsals for the new "Ziegfeld Follies" . . . The De Marcos have returned to "Show Time", after time out for Tony's illness. Sally spent the lay-off period teaching service men to dance at the canteens . . . Lichine has returned to Hollywood, accompanied by Tatiana Riabouchinska. He will be seen shortly in "Something to Shout About" . . . Ruthanna Boris, leading dancer at the Met, appeared at the annual party for the benefit of the New York Guild for the Jewish Blind, held at the Waldorf-Astoria . . . Sunya Shurman and her group of five appeared in a showing of "The Mad Mikado" to the cheers of the audience in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. They danced a Javanese number in this show . . . Dance Players loses Michael Kidd to the Ballet Theatre and Mary Heater, (Mrs. Kidd) to sick leave. She returns to her home in Seattle for a two month rest, after which she joins her husband on tour . . . Arthur Mahoney has turned out a smart and lively ballet, led by Thalia Maria supported by a corps-de-ballet, for the Paper Mill Playhouse production of "Babes in Toyland" . . .

Dishes Inspired by Dancers

Note: This delicious tid bit is reprinted from the November issue of the OPERA NEWS by permission of its editor, Mrs. John Dewitt Peltz.

* * *

Mr. Stansbury's article last year on dishes named for opera singers was so entertaining that I thought the readers of the OPERA NEWS might be interested in hearing about a few that have been named for the famous dancers of opera.

Perhaps the first was the bombe à la Camargo, a dessert named for the lovely Marie Camargo, premiere danseuse of the Paris Opera from 1726 to 1751. Camargo was the dancer who perfected the entrechat and first shortened her ballet skirts so that audiences could see her twinkling feet.

Fanny Elssler, the first great European ballerina to visit the United States, toured here from 1840 to 1842. She was honored by the creation of a dish called Oysters à la Elssler.

The cause of the famous quarrel between Anna Pavlova and her partner, Mikhail Mordkin, was a dish which had been named for the ballerina. Shortly after the Russian dancers had made a triumphant debut at the Metropolitan Opera House, a banquet was given in their honor. On the menu was a dish called Frogs' legs à la Pavlova. Mordkin was furious and complained that Pavlova was receiving all the attention, although they had been featured equally on all the programs in which they appeared.

"Frogs legs à la Pavlova!" he stormed, "and where are the Frogs' legs à la Mordkin?" Not long afterwards the partnership was dissolved, and Pavlova's triumphant successes were shared by other dancers, among them Laurent Novikoff, the present ballet master at the Metropolitan.

In 1937, when I was travelling to Hollywood with the American Ballet to appear in George Balanchine's first picture, The Goldwyne Follies, I was amazed to discover on the menu a Salade Rosina Galli. Many opera-goers will remember this exquisite Italian dancer who was prima ballerina at the Metropolitan from 1915 to 1931, and ballet mistress until the retirement of her husband, Giulio Gatti-Casazza, in 1935.

On the first floor of the building which houses the studios of the American Ballet is a little restaurant, which features on its menus a Club Sandwich George Balanchine. This is named, of course, for the brilliant young choreographer who was ballet master at the Metropolitan from 1935 to 1938.

Perhaps the strangest dish of all, however, was one dedicated to Marie Taglioni, creator of the ballet La Sylphide. About 1840, she paid a triumphant visit to Russia. After her departure a group of balletomanes obtained a pair of her dancing slippers, had them cooked and served with a special sauce, and gravely ate them, while they toasted the health of the ballerina!

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Young and Old
Tumbling for Class Work
Valse Poetique

DANCE Magazine

250 W. 57th St. N. Y. C.

The Dance in the Defense Program

Editor's Noet: This broadcast was given over Station WHDH in Boston at ten thirty, December 1. Many local radio stations are interested in interviewing local dance experts if you contact them. Some teachers give dance physical fitness over the air; others give ballroom instructions. See your local radio station about a dance feature.

MISS KRAUS: As our guest today we have Anna M. Greene of Hyde Park, Mass. Mrs. Greene is President of the Dancing Masters of America, a national organization of Dance Teachers. Mrs. Greene is with us today to tell us how these teachers can help all groups of Voluntary War Workers to build more energy—resistance and morale.

MRS. GREENE: Thank you Dorothy Kraus. It is not only a privilege but a pleasure to be with you on this program. For the information of our listeners I'd like to tell you that Dorothy Kraus is also from Hyde Park. She is not only an accomplished Radio Announcer but also writes a column for our Hyde Park newspaper — "Women in the War", and for your mental picture she is tall, dark and lovely to look at. When we speak of Dancing to the Nation as a whole, the average person pictures himself on the ballroom floor or floating thru the air, or possibly doing a Tap Dance — and he considers this too unimportant during Wartime. Today I would like to eliminate this picture of Frivolity and present "Dance" with its fundamental principles as being beneficial to the morale and well-being of our Nation at War.

MISS KRAUS: Just what are these fundamental principles.

MRS. GREENE: To dance well one must first acquire correct posture — breathing — walking — stretching — and relaxing. We know what these fundamentals have done for our men in service to prepare them for what lies ahead, we at the home front must be equally prepared to carry on.

MISS KRAUS: Will you give us an example of how these fundamentals can be given to Groups.

MRS. GREENE: Yes Miss Kraus — May I invite you and all our listeners to come with me to visit a group of War Workers.

We join Miss X, a local Dance Teacher in the community. Miss X has volunteered to give a certain amount of her time each week at the Red Cross Headquarters on Main Street. When we enter the room we see a large group of women — housewives — mothers of families — many with sons in the service. It is eleven o'clock and these women have been working steadily since nine this morning, some have been standing all that time cutting materials, others sitting at sewing machines, many rolling bandages others checking and packing articles into boxes, all faces show nerve tension and strain. We say to ourselves surely these women will not be interested in Dancing — but wait and see what happens.

Miss X is announced — the women stop working and line their chairs against the wall! Windows are opened! We are invited to join the women as they stand in line. A victrola starts playing. Miss X gives the signal and we all follow her instructions.

Inhale 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 Exhale 5 - 6 - 7 - 8
Stretch 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 Relax 5 - 6 - 7 - 8

We repeat keeping time with the music.

Next the head rotates, then the eyes — arms move in straight then circular movements. We now join Miss X in "Follow the Leader" in — out and around we march. Now on tip toes — bodies stretching — now bending forward bodies relaxed, next the knees are raised as the march continues, resembling a War Dance as we finally reach our chairs. All is laughter now — no more tense nerves or tired expressions. We feel like school children after recess.

Miss X now changes the record to soft dreamy music and while seated we are taught exercises for the wrists and fingers to strengthen the hands to roll bandages. We are taught to sit correctly to prevent backaches, more exercises to strengthen the feet and ankles which much to our surprise and amusement develop into a tap dance while seated.

Miss X announces the session is over and next time she will vary her routines. We stand and sing God Bless America. The women return to their work with renewed fervor. Twenty minutes of Fun — Freedom — and Frolic have passed.

MISS KRAUS: That sounds very sensible and practical and not too strenuous. Would this same routine be given to all groups?

MRS. GREENE: No the exercises should vary according to age, surroundings and work, but always founded on Dance Fundamentals.

Do you know that every community in the United States has a Red Cross Centre and other Voluntary Groups?

Do you know there are thousands of qualified dance teachers ready and willing at your invitation to serve each and every group? They can prove that when our Nation Dances it builds better morale and becomes mentally strong and physically fit!

If you wish the services of Miss X in your particular group — please contact the Civilian Defense Headquarters in your Community. Thank you for listening.

A new rumba trio sings and dances, featuring Patricia Gilmore, with Michael Narvaez and Eddie Gomez.

photo: R.K.O.

In The Navy

photo: Allison-Lighthall

Danny Hoctor, now in the navy spends his spare time entertaining the other boys in the service.

We all remember the good old times when sugar was sweet, meat was tender, when the sale of gasoline was a competitive enterprise, and sailors danced hornpipes. Those days are gone and the hornpipe, at least, is not apt to interest dancing sailors again.

Certainly Danny Hoctor is now both a sailor and a dancer, and there isn't a hornpipe in a carload of his clicking taps. More than a year ago Danny was still footloose in California, where he had danced in the San Francisco Opera Ballet, in Billy Rose's Aquacade, in three movie shorts for Jimmy Roosevelt, and in numerous Hollywood night clubs. In the midst of all this activity he found time to appear at various west coast army camps where he entertained thousands of soldiers with his tapping. At that time Danny was thinking of the armed forces as a career for other young American men, not for himself. But that was before Pearl Harbor.

At that time his point of view was easy for us to understand, he had studied ballet seriously with Bolm, the Christiansen Brothers and Mascagno. He had had a scholarship at the San Francisco Opera Ballet School and he was a deft tap-dancer. His feet had gone to his head as far back as he can remember. As a child he had heard that he was related to Harriet Hoctor, and he dreamed of the possibility of becoming a famous dancer like her.

A year ago he was given the juvenile lead in the revue "Meet the People" which you will presently see in the motion picture starring Bob Crosby in the same role performed on the stage by Hoctor. Danny enjoyed success in the show out west, and when the company toured, both it and Danny were seen in Chicago by Lieutenant Commander Eddie Peabody, head of the Band. Music and Entertainment Division at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Commander Peabody offered Hoctor the opportunity of dancing into the Navy and into the most remarkable division of its kind in the American Armed Forces. For at Great Lakes where the largest number of sailors in the world receive their training, Commander Peabody (Formerly Eddie Peabody, the banjo king) has had the foresight to enlist a crew of entertainers, arrangers, composers, singers, and musicians second to none. The Commander's chief job is to make and keep happy the vast numbers of sailors in training and to amaze the sailor-minded American public with his weekly "Meet Your Navy" broadcast on the Blue Network.

All of Hoctor's shipmates in Commander Peabody's division are sailormen first. In addition to this they entertain 4000 men at each of five weekly "Happy Hours," play for two weekly dances, give two concerts, the regular weekly radio program, provide the background for numerous military and sports events. It's a busy life in Lieutenant Commander Peabody's division and not least busy is the Commander himself who smilingly presides over every activity of his men.

In this department Danny has found his sea legs. He helps to keep them happy with his nimble tapping and adds another touch of variety to the many programs on which he appears. The dancing Danny does is at night, but during the eight working hours of the day, he sits at a desk beating out syncopation with his typewriter in the performance of regular routine yeoman duties.

Three months ago Bill Robinson was dancing at the Oriental Theatre in Chicago. Hoctor went backstage to visit Bill, who had at one time taught him. Finding Robinson in the middle of his act Hoctor watched from the wings and waited for the end of the show. In the middle of his number, Robinson, spotting Hoctor in the wings, stopped the orchestra and made a speech about an old friend, then pulled Hoctor on the stage and insisted on his dancing. Together they did a routine which they had often practiced. Robinson said to the audience while Hoctor was dancing, "This is the first time you're seeing me in black and white."

And this is the "Black and White" of Danny Hoctor who danced his way into the happiness of the many thousands of sailors at Great Lakes. He has materially helped his shipmates under Lieut. Commander Peabody to "Keep 'em Smiling."

by Lehman Engel

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A Milestone of the New Dance Magazine

In December 1941, I made arrangements to combine the two magazines serving the dance field, The American Dancer and Dance Magazine.

The difficulties of the early months were so disheartening and so financially negative, as almost to impel us to drop this enterprise. However, my long connection with the Dance Field, as well as my desire to contribute some diversion from the world's misery to the lighter side of life gave me the will to carry on. Since then the magazine has shown an amazing increase in circulation and a satisfying growth of reader interest.

One may ask, what good can possibly be done by a Dance Magazine when we as a nation have set out to win a war.

It is true we must finish this war in the quickest possible time to stop the sacrifice of untold thousands of humans. We must see that no fanatical dictators can ever again set the world afire. We must strive for true democracy and freedom for all races. But while all this work is going on, we must still be humans, we will still have to educate the young, for we want them to live in an era of good fellowship. We want them to be strong of body and mind, and where else could we do a better job of this than in a school of Art or Dance, where at training and play, the barriers of Society, Religion and Race are leveled, the minds are broadened, and the bodies are improved. Dance as an art or entertainment for the adult, commands an outstanding place in lightening the horrors of those who are in the midst of war, and serves as a tonic to the mind of those who work for defense, in fact, to all of us who live under the strain of these momentous times. We must keep on living, we must not let our minds become morose or sadistic, for it is this generation which will be called upon to lay the foundation for a lasting peace, to establish a union of free and understanding nations. How else can that be done, but by healthy minds.

I have often been impressed by the lofty campus dancers, young maidens swirling through air under a sunny sky, when at the burst of Spring nature reveals that hidden power which creates us all. It reminds me of many a summer eve on top of a cliff with mighty oaks around me, rocks of untold years of age, a creek rumbling down the hills, and the full moon above.

It gives me a feeling of awe and reverence. Awe from the knowledge, that all of this nature has been here before we came, and will be here after we are gone, for how long no one knows. We then realize our own insignificance. From dust we came, to dust we will return.

We revere that supernatural power, God. He rules this Universe, regulates the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, in clocklike precision, He puts life in the water, vegetation and life on this earth. He brought us into being and sends us back to dust holding our spirit to account.

If only these present day dictators, or all men of evil mind would visit with nature more often, they would realize their own insignificance; that they are not the supermen they believe themselves to be—then wars and horrors would be no more.

Therefore, I am sure that we in the Dance World, in these days of stress in which weak men may lose their faith in their brother man and in life as a whole, we have our own great duty to perform. We must keep on building in the youth an appreciation for health, beauty and joy in life. For the adults, we must provide food for the spiritual and a contribution to the joy of living, a diversion from the everyday cares of the world.

Dance can do this. We here at the Dance Magazine can see it by the reports which come from all over the country, small cities, suburbs, defense towns, where teachers write of their increased enrollment in dancing classes. A friend of mine told me that he gives up all his evenings and all day Sunday to head the entertainment committee of a large embarkation camp, and he tells me that it is thrilling to him to watch these boys, who are so shortly to leave their home land, derive so much genuine pleasure out of their own dancing.

You artists of the Dance can perform your duty to present day Society by presenting jovial and esthetic dance performances. You teachers, by teaching the young; parents are eager to have you help them improve their youngster. You should teach the adults, dancing can contribute much joy and relaxation to their lives. Then, you should also see to it that there is a Dance Centre for the Armed Forces in your community, for these boys deserve our undivided attention.

For 1943 let us all do our share to make this world a better place in which to live; and pray, that lasting Peace will be restored and that the world may live free under true democracy.

Sincerely yours,

Publisher

And Same to You!

Such attractive Xmas and New Year Greetings this year from all Dance Magazine's friends! Hand made and very original were Joseph Levinoff's four leaf clover of ballet dancers, and the very modern lavender and turquoise angels by Sophia Delza. A hand painted card from Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hammarstrom worked out the theme, "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition", and included a War Savings Stamp. The card from the Ice-Capades of 1943 bore a colorful lapel pin of the famous Ice-Capades skating figure, and very smart it looks on our lapel! A. S. Barnes' greeting was a reproduction of a quaint old pamphlet on sport, published in 1839. Very amusing and informative! A lovely Xmas fairy attending a dance class was the theme of Virginia Lee's. An exquisite ballet dancer graced the card of Olga Tarassova. Florence Rogge chose an adorable dancing baby angel. Lovely drawings by Bernice Oehler adorned the cards of both Nadja and Norma Allewelt. A handsome reprint of a woodcut by W. G. Raffé carried his Greetings for 1943. An exciting drawing of two Spanish dancers was chosen by the Richards-Martin School. The Belcher School sent a Carlotta Grisi print on gold background.

The most amusing dancer's Christmas card was sent by Valentinoff. It was a Pop-up-Card disclosing an ostrich with real feathers in its tail (with apologies to Sally Rand) and card that said, "Don't let Christmas get your Nanny, step right out and shake your Fanny".

Some lovely Xmas cards bore the photos of their dancing senders, for instance, Miriam Marmein as the Angel of Annunciation; Sushila, the Hindu Dancer, in a pose of Greeting; Dorothy Alexander toe dancing down a starlit Xmas sky. La Meri in an oriental dance. Dorothy Granville, ace concert manager of dancers and musicians, sent us greetings on piano keys; Igor Swetzoff, an interesting picture of Russian Soldiers; the Swabodas, a delightful Russian Xmas festival scene.

The patriotic motif was handsomely carried out in the cards of Nimura, The Flaugh-Lewis School, Lawrence Hostettler and the Latin American Publishing Co.

We could go on indefinitely describing these interesting and unusual Xmas cards. Happy New Year to you all, and thanks again for the charming and much appreciated greetings from Hilda Botsova, Marian Wilson, Jackie René, Bernice Oehler, William Ashton, Rutgers Neilson, Grace Bull, Williard Hall, Sunya Shurman, Robert and Patricia Poole, Tatiana Piancova, Hazel M. Ryan, Muriel Welk, Dot Guy, The Webers, Mary Elizabeth Addie, Anna M. Greene, Katie Singlehurst, Kessler, Wind & Co., Lysle and Ruth Smith, Mrs. Edward Mack, Olga Dornblatt, Suzanne Searle, Lillian Hyatt, Ginny and Peter Cherry, Anne Goodkind, the Kimbark Family, Mary Williams, Russell Ewing, Midgie Chase, Catherine Kemper, Betty Jean and Nancy Robinson, Ruth Wooden, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Larsson, Mary and Tom Chase, Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Thayer, Mary Elizabeth Fassig School of Dancing, and Jane, Dick, Helen, and Heinie Mathias.

D A N C E

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Front Cover: Donna Atwood and Robin Lee, stars of "Ice-Capades Review", a New Republic picture.

Back Cover: Top, Patricia Bowman. Middle, The Royces. Bottom, Catherine Littlefield.

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photo: Constantine

Scene from the ballet, "Cinderella," showing the Prince paying homage to the little waif whom the good fairy made a glamour girl.

New York City has a Children's Ballet

Youthful dancers bring to life their most beloved fairy tales

by LUCILE MARSH

Strangely enough, the inspiration for New York's Children's Ballets came to its young American leader on top of a bus in London.

Five years ago, when Joseph Levinoff was dancing with the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, he decided to spend his morning off taking a lesson from Mme. Legat. But he did not get to his lesson that day. Before the bus had gone more than a few blocks, he looked down from his seat on top of the bus and saw a crowd of children watching a Punch and Judy show being given right on the street.

The street Punch and Judy show is a tradition in England, but it is quite unknown here in America. Levinoff doesn't remember how he got down from his box seat on the bus, but the next thing he knew he was in the midst of the youngsters and enjoying the show as much as they were. He noticed especially the way the children danced right along with the puppets, imitating every movement and gesture as the story unfolded itself.

If the children could get such a thrill out of these crude little puppets, how much more a company of real children would delight them, thought Levinoff.

Later in London, he saw the Xmas Pantomimes done by real children (another English tradition that we know nothing of here); then later, the Vic Wells Ballet's matinees with the children from the school taking part, caught his fancy.

"When I get back to America", Levinoff pledged himself, "I'm going to start a ballet company of kids for kids and by kids."

It was during an eleven week layoff, while he was dancing with a well known ballet company that "the first opportunity came to begin, to start, to commence the foundations of the children's ballet."

"A friend of mine asked me if I liked to teach. A school that he knew, was looking for a teacher of dancing", explained Mr. Levinoff. "I had never taught, I confided to my friend, so I didn't know whether I liked to teach or not, but I did like to eat, so I was willing to try teaching if the school was willing. It turned out the school was, so in 1938 I started the teaching of children that was eventually to lead to the organization of the Children's Ballet.

"From the start I found teaching children very interesting. Kids are so satisfactory to deal with. They are by nature enthusiastic, genuine, imaginative and whole hearted.

"I soon discovered that a performance had to be a part of your teaching if you wanted to succeed with children. A child's imagination is fired by the very thought of a recital. It gives a natural incentive to practice. Once accomplished, a successful performance gives them the inspiration to go on to further study. One performance a year is plenty in the beginning. Then, when the children develop a repertoire they can give the perfected ballets on request for benefits and special celebrations, while they are learning a new ballet. It is just as necessary for a child to keep her dances in repertoire as it is to continue playing the pieces she learns on the piano.

"The children's first performance was in the studio but the children and their friends were thoroughly satisfied.

"At this time I was still dancing with various companies. I had to dash out to Hollywood to appear with the American Ballet in the Goldwyn Follies, but I felt the pull every time I had to leave my kids. However, the children were so interested in my own career that they wanted me to go, if only I would promise to come back.

"When I danced in an English folk dance ballet to the

Hageman's score at the Metropolitan, the children wanted to dance some of these dances, so I arranged a ballet for them. When the Met included Rochester in their tour I went to the Public Library, there and copied the original score so the children could have the genuine music. I remember I almost missed my train trying to finish the last page.

"But now that my Children's Ballet Company is so far along, I find I can't bear to leave them to off dancing, myself."

It seems Mr. Levinoff has refused three offers from as many leading ballet companies this year.

"The children I started with in 1938, at that time all wanted to be jazz dancers; now they want to be classical artists. It is all what you put before children. Their ideals are as high as their teacher's but no higher.

"I remember when I took the children once to the Dance Gallery and Book Shop for the first time, Mrs. Kamin was so charming and psychological with them. She showed them lovely photos and explained all sorts of things they had never heard of. Now they go in by themselves and ask their parents for dance books for Xmas. Children are so easily sold on worthwhile things.

"Every class works on a definite recital project to give for their family and friends, but the Children's Ballet Company is reserved for the ones who have studied long enough, those who have superior talent and interest enough to meet all the requirement of practice and rehearsals.

"We run The Children's Ballet Company as a group project. Everyone learns all the parts. If we are learning a classical ballet we all go to a regular grown up ballet company's performance and see how the finished artists dance it.

"Then we have tryouts, and we all help choose the best one for each part. We are all pals in the company and everything is done openly. The children are amazingly good sports. If a child gets a leading role in one ballet she knows for the other ballets she must take her place in the back row of the corps de ballet with good grace. Every one who is good enough gets a chance to shine, but only once during a performance.

"Each child has company responsibilities and duties. Property man, dressing room monitor, shoe and costume mistress are only a few of the jobs the kiddies take over.

"They help each other dress and change. No mothers allowed back stage. When you have as nice and cooperative mothers as I have, they deserve to sit down outside and see the performance in peace.

"Everything is prepared slowly and thoroughly so the performance is lots of fun. All I do," confessed Mr. Levinoff, 'is put rosin on the floor, pull a curtain or two, or adjust the roaming eye of a spotlight.

"Whenever one of my company dances for her school or at a community affair I take great pains to be there. First the children like the teacher to see them dance. Second, it gives the teacher a perspective on his students' work, enables him to help them more specifically. Last night, I went on a trek to the east Bronx, and didn't get home until after midnight, but it was well worth it. I was very proud of my pupil and was glad I was there to tell her so.

"The Children's Ballet Company has a two fold purpose. It early weeds out the youngsters who haven't talent enough to go on to greater heights. Second, it gives the talented children training and experience to prepare them for a career, if they want it.

"All children should have the joy and educational experience of dancing in performances. These should be a part of every class. But they're never too young to have standards set and upheld. This, The Children's Ballet

(*Continued on Page 28*)

photo: Constantine

"Romance", a purely classical ballet danced by the Junior and Senior Ballets. On the style of "Les Sylphides", this ballet is cleverly choreographed by Levinoff to give each young dancer a special tiny spot in perhaps a pas de trois, or pas de deux or the coveted pas seul.

photo: Constan...

"A Taglioni", danced by youngest members of the Children's Ballet. Eight, ten and twelve are youthful ages at which to go classical, but teacher Levinoff says with reason, "As the twig is bent so the tree inclines." So Taglioni it is with gusto, from eight on up.

photo: Constantine

"Beauty and the Beast", in modern clothes combines the new with the old. Always a favorite with children, this philosophical tale teaches that kindness and understanding have power to change a beast into a prince, not only once upon a time but in 1943.

May O'Donnell, another Californian to portray America in the Dance

"This We Were and Are..."

by DORATHI BOCK PIERRE

There must be something about "Out West, in the wide open spaces" that is peculiarly conducive to a fundamental Americanism in art. This is especially true in the dance. Witness the two great significant American dance movements, Duncan and Denishawn, both of them nurtured in California. Now comes a dancer whose work may presage a third dance movement from the west. May O'Donnell is also California born and raised.

Like all artists from the west, May O'Donnell has a truly pioneer spirit. With her feet firmly placed upon her native soil, her eyes attuned to the far horizons, she sees in her imagination all of America, its truths, its humors and its struggles. Moreover she sees them on a large scale, with sympathy and understanding; and she possesses a burning desire to make others see, as she does, the great nobility of her native land.

This sense of space and bigness is an essential part of western artists, but the real missionary spirit never seems to develop in them until they travel away from their "wide open spaces" to the confines of cities and the narrow viewpoint of those fettered by tradition. This pattern was true in the case of May O'Donnell, too.

Born in Sacramento, May went to school there and cannot remember the time when she did not want to dance, but there was not much choice of dancing school. Her parents wanted her to study music, so she took music lessons, but these turned out to be the means for taking dancing lessons, for when she was attending high school she exchanged her playing for lessons in ballet. She did this for two years and acquired a rather free interpretive movement on a ballet technique but no toe work. She was larger than the other girls in the class, so she went on a search for a different dance form.

In San Francisco Estelle Reed was teaching Wigman work, then in the first flush of its popularity. May studied with her, receiving a scholarship for playing the piano. This made it possible for her to live away from home.

After about eight months Miss Reed assembled a group of five girls, including May. She took them to Europe on a concert tour. They went first to Utrecht, Holland, where it turned out Miss Reed had relatives. Here the girls spent most of their time for six months preparing for a Paris concert. May's one regret is that she was so young and unknowing. She could have travelled all over Europe, seeing everything and studying with many teachers for the same amount of money which she spent in the charming but small city of Utrecht.

We were all so young, so completetly wrapped up in what we were doing, that we lived mostly in a half-world of dreams and eager anticipation," said Miss O'Donnell.

They finally did go to Paris for about a month and gave a concert at the Theatre du Champs Elysee. They returned to Holland and gave several more concerts in Amsterdam. On the return home they stopped for a few days in England and saw the museums and attented a couple of concerts.

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CROSSROADS . . . a Christmas Tale

by HELEN DZHERMOLINSKA

It was the morning of December 24, 1941. At a little past nine o'clock of this wet and surly day, Marian, wrapped to the chin in burberry and sweater, hurried down the noisy Manhattan street on her way to the Academy of Music. Under her arm she carried a paper bag filled with a sufficiency of edibles, as though she were about to be marooned away from restaurants for an unknown time. Her battered suitcase swung from her shoulder with fine athletic feeling. Not far behind her walked two little girls of seven obviously geared to the spirit of impending Christmas fun, and determined to profit by being let out of school so gloriously early. For the moment Marian's feet engaged their youthful attention.

"Look, Rosie, look!" quoth one, "She's got her feet turned all the way out!"

Rosie and the other girl studied this phenomenon carefully and a moment later trotted down the street after Marian, their feet turned out in flattering imitation of the older girl.

Marian's face assumed an expression of amusement, as she glanced down at her feet and thought, "The badge of a ballet dancer. My diploma after fourteen years of bar work." Glancing back at the two children, she smiled. At once the little girls returned their feet to normal, and rewarded her smile with two steady, solemn glances which said as plainly as words, "What are your feet to us, or we to your feet? Anyway, it's almost Christmas; we've got more important things to do," and away they sped down the avenue.

The thought occurred to Marian, too, "It's almost Christmas. Not that I care, it's just December 25th, after all, with Peter gone."

Peter, her younger brother by four years, she remembered as a quiet, moonfaced little fellow in a snug teddy-bear suit, whose face she was perpetually wiping clean of the inroads of choclate pudding and apple sauce. Peter growing up and learning to paint, making friends with the arts, trying his wings as a painter in the art department of an advertising agency. Then, Peter grown up and talking about the coming war, arguing down the complacent talk about three thousand miles of ocean on both sides of us. Then Peter's enlistment. Incredible Peter. Incredible world.

"Here we are," she thought, "December 7th is already two weeks old and here I am, still treading the wheel in my squirrel cage, while Peter is out somewhere in the Pacific facing a frightful enemy. Out there men and women bleed and die, and here I go to the theatre for another stab of 'Hansel and Gretel' with its silly, gingerbread house and ugly witch burned in her own oven. I've got to quit. I've got to do something for Peter and the others, something that will make him proud. Maybe nursing. There must be something I can do, something other than dancing."

At this point, Marian paused at the newsstand opposite the stage door of the Academy of Music, then crossed the street, after a worried look at the headlines.

Inside the theatre on the stage a warm feeling of being at home, of having reached refuge from the foreign, outside world reassured Marian. "This is preposterous," she thought. "I must not allow this to confuse me. This is December 24, 1941. I must go about becoming a nurse, quickly."

The old spell of the theatre had settled down on her. In her imagination, familiar music sounded in her ears, curtains rose and fell to applause, and the everpresent odor of greasepaint enveloped her.

At precisely two minutes before ten o'clock the stage door again swung open and closed with an emphatic bang. It let in a cold blast of air and the captain of the corps-de-ballet, a tall, robust girl named Helene. Everything about Helene was emphatic; she had the soul of a sergeant and conversation to match. She bustled out on stage, and disregarding Marian sitting there, screamed,

"Aha! Nobody here but *me!*" How does this blinking company think it's going to put on 'Hansel and Gretel' in *one* rehearsal, *I'd* like to know?" she said, addressing herself to the empty house. "Why don't these dodos come to rehearsal on TIME, tell me that! It's 10:00 A. M., and NOBODY here!"

"I'm here, dear," said Marian, "and you know the rehearsal was called for 10:30 A. M."

"Don't you 'dear' me!" cried the captain, taking notice of Marian for the first time. "They should be here at 10:00 for a 10:30 rehearsal, to get into their practice clothes, and warm up. Curse it, curse them, and everybody! How would anything get done without *me?* Where are my cigarettes, where are my matches? Oh, never mind, here they are. How do they expect to remember 'Hansel and Gretel' from a single performance at Christmas, a year ago? Somebody answer me! A good thing for them *I* remember the pantomime. *I* remember every step the little wretches take. Where is Madame? A fine thing! A ballet mistress that lives in the suburbs and comes to every rehearsal one hour late! No lights, no accompanist, no nothing! I'll poison that impressario someday, you'll see," she concluded moodily, as she sat down and blew smoke rings morosely into the shadows.

As a matter of fact, she was wrong. Madame, the ballet mistress, so called because of the impossibility of pronouncing her Russian name, was not one hour late, she was two hours late.

The other twelve dancers, selected from the company for this matinee, drifted in, one by one between ten and eleven o'clock and were greeted by black looks from Captain Helene.

"I wonder where Peter can be today," thought Marian, as she practiced battements in a corner of the stage, waiting for rehearsal to begin. "Will I be doing this on December 24, 1943 or will I be somewhere abroad, maybe saving lives?"

At 11:30 A.M. the electrician made his appearance to the cheers of the more vocal of the ensembled group, and turned on dressing room and wing lights. A few minutes later Madame rushed in, puffing and scattering hairpins right and left. The train had inconsiderately been a local and late, as well. Madame was somewhat the worse for dashing the two blocks from the terminal to the theatre.

Not to be outdone by the variable weather, Madame had come prepared for any emergency. First she tore off a

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photo: Dave Koyter

VALYA VALENTINOFF

by HELEN DZHERMOLINSKA

IN HIS twenty-fourth year, after a kaleidoscopic lifetime which would have sufficed a Methusaleh, he finds, to his surprise, that he is moving into the one-name class, like Garbo, Zorina, Gershwin, Picasso, Winchell. The public identifies certain personalities by only their last names. No other identification is needed. His name is a new trademark on Broadway. He is Valentinoff.

He was born William Daixel, New York City, U. S. A. of Russian-American parents. Daixel père was a writer. Daixel mère was a nurse. It is obvious that the constant proximity and influence of the latter has shaped him and his career as nothing else has. He shed the name Daixel when he entered the Ballet Russe at the tender age of fourteen. It was Leonide Massine who dubbed him Valentinoff.

"William Daixel?" he groaned, upon hearing his name, "You cannot dance here and call yourself that. No, never! Wait!" he commanded, and as the inspiration flooded his eye, he fixed them on the little chap and quothe, "I will tell you who you are. You are Vladimir Valentinoff! Good?"

It was good. Vladimir is the Russian for William, and Valya is the affectionate diminutive for Vladimir. So Valya he has been ever since.

In 1943 he has been for one year and more hemmed in by the bedlam atmosphere of the Olsen and Johnson escape school of theatre called "Sons O'Fun" in which he has achieved some small fame as the defeated Canary Island cock in a Bob Alton ballet. No one who has ever seen the show can fail to be affected by it, according to his individual lights, how much more a highly restless, volatile temperament which is confined by it for a year. It may be this factor as well as many another which marks the contemporaneous submergence of Valentinoff the creator and the emergence of Valentinoff the performer.

This is an anti climactic period to be sure for a dancer who at the age of nine amazed such minds as Massine, Mordkin, Nimura, Isadora Duncan, with his demonstrations of self-created dances, out of the air as it were, without benefit of study or coaching. The fertility of the little prodigy's mind was such that his amazed parents decided

to take him to Moscow where his talent might find adequate outlet. So off to Moscow they marched.

This was the end of the NEP period, and post-revolutionary patterns had not yet evolved into the industry of the thirties and the first five year plan. Packs of bezprezhornyie, wolf children, still roamed the streets of Russia, although iron means were being employed by the government to break them up, to re-educate the children and give them homes. These orphans of the storm made life dreadful for the unwary. They stole, burned, killed, looted. Happily now, like the storm which bred them, they have disappeared. They have grown up into the defenders of today's Russia.

Bitter memories haunt Valya of having bread snatched from his hands by the wolf children, of being forcibly separated from his warm clothes by them and left to freeze until the advent of a rescuing adult.

For one year, efforts to place him in the ballet school of the Isadora Duncan school came to nothing. In spite of his endowments, beauty of body and face, strength, imagination, and in spite of the enthusiasm with which he was hailed by Isadora and other teachers, nothing availed because he was not Russian born. The retreat from Moscow took place a year after their eager arrival. To this day he bears the defensive-combative characteristics acquired during this period, characteristics much misunderstood by people who know him superficially.

Lower Manhattan's east side abounds in occasional little greenswards set off by fences of iron rails. These oases spill over with the children of the well-to-do and the tattered children of the poor, all living within a stone's throw of each other. After school they come here to play. Little Valya was let loose here after one year of Moscow turned him into a one-man wolf child. His people were hard put to provide him with bare necessities, let alone playthings, so he conceived the idea of separating other little boys from their toys by main force. His mind operated in this fashion.

"I haven't got a go-cart. He has. I want it. I shall take it."

When little Valya appeared on the scene there used to be a miraculous exodus of little boys in the vicinity. Characteristically, he never plagued the little girls. Fortunately

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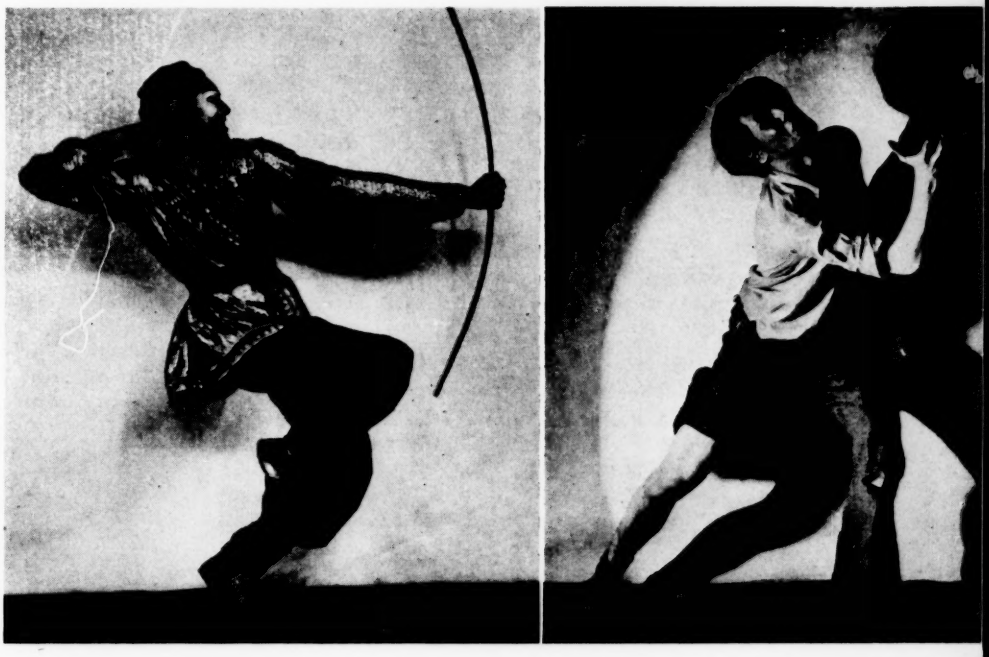
Left: Valentinoff as the gay tramp which he composed as an antidote for his tragic number, "The Wolf Child". Right: Dancing Massine's famous role, the barkeep, in "Union Pacific".



Left: Valentinoff in the famous "Prince Igor Dances" which he danced at home and abroad. Right: In his own interpretation of the Russian wolf child as he remembered him from his own dramatic encounter.

ON THE CLASSICAL DANCE OF INDIA

by JOSEPH HAZAN

Uday Shan Kar as the Hindu god, Siva and Simkie his consort, Sita.

Saint Bharata, who is said to have been initiated in the art of the dance by the great God Brahma, wrote a monumental book on the dance of India some time before the 10th century A.D. called "Natya Shastra". In this book Brahma is quoted as explaining that the true character and significance of the dramatic art of the dance, "is not to flatter any party but to present the true and essential nature of the world; to follow the movements and exhibit the moods of the world replete with diverse moods, informed with various passions of the soul, linked to the deeds of all mankind, the best, the middling and the low, affording excellent counsel, pastime, weal, and all else."

At the time Saint Bharata wrote the book, the culmination of the tradition of the dance was well established. He announced that the dance must have rhythm, grace and drama; the latter was built up by mudras (hand gestures) and Abhinaya (pantomime); these were woven in rhythm and sustained in grace.

Before we go into some details about the technique and music of the Hindu dance, the performance of a dance by Siva Nataraja, God of the cosmic forces, would be enlightening.

With a beatific face, beaming with smiling glances and radiating love and grace, he overlooks all the creatures of the universe. Siva has four hands, brandied and jewelled hair, of which the lower locks are whirling in the dance. In his hair is a writhing cobra, a skull and the mermaid figure of Ganga. Upon it rests the crescent moon, and it is covered with Cassia leaves. In his right ear he wears a man's earring, a woman's in his left. He is adorned with necklaces and armlets, a jewelled belt, anklets, bracelets and toe rings, tightly fitting breeches, a fluttering scarve and a sacred thread.

This dramatic and danceable story is as follows:

"Siva told Visnu that a group of heretic Rsis (priests) were living in the forest of Taragan and he intended going there to convert them. Visnu consented to accompany him. They entered the forest, Siva disguised as a mendicant, Visnu as his wife. The Rsis, suspecting some danger to themselves, immediately raised an Abhiara Homa (sacrificial fire) to destroy the intruders. A fierce tiger emerged from the fire and rushed upon Siva who seized it and tearing off its skin, wore it as a mantle. The Rsis continued their sacrifice and there came out a huge serpent which Siva seized and coiled around his neck as an ornament. Thereafter the mighty God began his mystic dance. Undismayed by the futility of their attempts, the Rsis continued their incantations, which brought into existence the black dwarf Muyalagan. Siva crushed this vile creature under his sacred foot and keeping him writhing on the ground, continued his dance which was witnessed by all the Gods. The heretics then acknowledged Siva as their Lord and thenceforth became fervent devotees."

Stories of the Gods form an important source for the Hindu Natya. In order to interpret these stories a highly developed technique and sensitivity are required of the dancer. More than that, a devotional attitude on the part of the dancer is a prerequisite. Even the simple Nautch dance which tells of the love between the hero and the heroine (usually Krishna and Radha) the expression rises above the immediate idea of a lovers dance. There is also implied the relation of the lover and the human soul; the ecstacy of love in the dance symbolizes the union of the finite with the infinite; the godlike liberation of the soul from the restless activities of the mind and sense. The release of the self from the prison wall of name and form. The nature of the dance reaches far into the realms of philosophy and poetry.

Bhupesh Guha in an ancient ritualistic sword dance of old India showing the decorative and symbolic treatment so characteristic of the authentic Hindu Dance of yesterday and today.

Bhupesh Guha and Sushila Spipari in a romantic pantomime and dance showing the ritualistic treatment that gives the religious significance and stylized form even to the dances of courtship.

In the book of Nadiskevera the requisites of the danseuse are described.

"The danseuse should be very lovely, young, with full round breasts, self confident, charming, agreeable, dextrous in handling the critical passages, skilled in steps and rhythms, quite at home on the stage, expert in gesture, with wide open eyes, able to follow song and instruments and rhythm, adorned with costly jewels, with a charming face, neither very stout nor very thin, nor very tall nor very short."

From the moment the danseuse enters the stage until she makes her exit, she has to regulate her movements in strict accordance with the rules laid down in the code of dancing. So the dancer never shows off, but immersed in the story and the music, the interpretation reaches the level of impersonality: this again is in accord with the fundamental concept of losing the ego in the sense of the infinite.

Through the use of mudras and a very intricate tradition of Abhinaya (mime), the story unfolds itself. These hand and finger gestures, analogous to the deaf and dumb language, were developed over a period of thousands of years by the exaggeration of every-day gestures. The use of the brows, eyes, neck, and even the chin and nose in the Abhinaya has fascinated the westerners no end. It is a highly cultivated dramatic technique much admired by great actors. On the stage there are no sets. There are only the orchestra and the dancers. The forest, village, palace and garden are all called into being by pure pantomime.

The orchestra is usually composed of the tabla (five finger drums), the sita, esraj, and other long stringed instruments, the flute, horn and gong, all working together with the dancers to create the dance drama. The moods of the Gods are portrayed and different ragas (scales) are used for varying emotions and also for indicating different times of the day and year. For instance, Raga Ashavari is used in the morning to represent nostalgia. Raga Jangla in the afternoon represents sportive exultation.

The drama is always the important thing, not the dancer, nor the musician. All is done with a devotional attitude. When the dance is over, instead of bowing to applause, the performers clasp their palms in thanks to the audience for joining them in prayer.

The classical Hindu dance went through periods of decay. With the Moslem invasions and influence, the dance was brought into the courts of the Sultans and Mawabs to entertain rather than to express the drama of their gods. With the crumbling of the Mogul Empire in 1757, the dance ceased to be an element of education. In the north, it was monopolized by the courtesans and fell into disrepute as a profession. In the south the Brahmacharya Brahmins preserved the Bharata technique only in the temple dances.

In our own day we have Shan Kar, the most important exponent of the Hindu dance. With much studying of the ancient Indian temples, and especially the Ajunta caves (where there exists some of the most beautiful examples of their classical architecture, sculpture and paintings), he has recreated with a live imagination, many of the classical dances. This lucky combination of a deep interest and understanding of the mythology and music, a painter's eye, a creative imagination and a fine dancer's body, gave to the stages of Europe and America some truly wonderful images of the classical dances of India. The Shan Kar group left a strong impression here in America and 'though it is more than six years since they left they are still talked about.

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photo: Kloss

The "Water Lily Ballet" opens the "Ice Follies" with a fairyland of water lilies, swans, and water sprites.

About the Ice Follies of 1943

by WALTER EVERETT

Any beautifully produced show is of interest to dancers. But when a show presents three hours of dancing on ice it becomes a "must" for dancers to put on their calendar.

Such a production is "Ice Follies of 1942" with twenty stars, many of whom are also professional dancers, and a corps de ballet de glace of forty members, it is indeed a dance show. Full of clever production ideas very suitable for dance performance, and resplendent in costumes remarkable for their color, freshness, and flair, this ice show is one that every dancing school should attend in a body.

Sniffing out a real dance story we poked our reporter's nose back scenes and found the dance director to be none other than Mary Jane Lewis, a girl who had been a dancer all her life and considers her present job very much part of her dancing career.

"We prepare the routines on the studio floor first," explained Miss Lewis, "Skating is so much like dancing that it transfers perfectly. The formations are practically the same and many of the steps identical. The only thing you have to watch out for, is the greater speed of skating. This, at first, frightens dancers but once they master their skating technique, this often turns into a definite advantage in balance and control.

"Skaters now must have training in formation and precision dancing a la Tiller, acrobatic and adagio dancing for stunt work, ballroom dancing and, most of all, ballet dancing.

"At least once a week the whole cast is given a lesson at the hotel in pure ballet dancing just to improve their carriage, their arm movements and their all around grace on ice."

"How do the skaters take to this dance instruction," I queried.

"They love it," responded Miss Lewis, "Of course, at first there was some fear among the skaters that this might take from skating values, but now they see how much it has to add to skating, and they just adore it."

"Where did you get such cute, unspoiled-looking girls?" I asked.

"We choose our girls specially for their looks and their skating ability. You know an ice ballet is so much nearer to the audience than a regular show. The girls have to be really young and good looking without relying on fancy makeup and lights. Ice rather demands the healthy outdoor type, rather than the exotic, hothouse flower beauty which so easily becomes sophisticated and decadent. We get a great many of our girls from Minnesota where they grow up on skates. California also supplies us with many fine skaters. We immediately undertake the dance education of the skaters as soon as we sign them up. A skater without dance training can no longer be used in the ice shows of today. In comparison with the dancing skaters they would stick out like sore thumbs.

"But there is the other side of the story. We have more and more young people now who start as professional dancers and then take up skating.

"Our star, Betty Atkinson, for instance, was not only a dancer but was voted champion baton twirler by the American Legion. She took up skating as a hobby, but became a skating star in three years. Now her skating teacher is her partner and they do acrobatic, adagio and ballet on skates besides plenty of pure classical skating."

Incidentally, Miss Atkinson continues to whirl her baton with abandon on ice.

Then, there is that irrepressible high stepper Bob Blake who was a jazz dancer. When he saw the Ice Follies his heart jazzed up several tempos faster and he vowed then and there he would become an ice skater. He worked a whole year, then arrived for tryouts for the ice show, but he didn't try out. He decided he needed one more year of skating. The next year he did try out and was snapped up in a hurry. It wasn't long before his dancing past came to light, and he was given a spot in the show. He certainly puts hot jazz dancing on ice with no apparent drop of temperature.

To show how many real dancers there are in this show, there is one whole ensemble in which every one is a professional dancer. But what is more remarkable is the fact there are enough top notch dancers to put on a floor show for the USO when ice is not available.

Miss Lewis has so interested the skaters in the dance that they are now learning dances on their vacation to bring back to show her for the next production.

Colson and Claudet, Canadian skating team, learned a right cute Scottish sword dance when they went back to Canada last summer, and used it as a very colorful introduction and conclusion to their Scotch duet number in this year's show.

The Galbraith brothers, two of the finest classical skaters in the show, Miss Lewis said, were also two of the best ballet students she had ever had. It was interesting and reassuring to see these boys bring down the house with the pure rhythm and beauty of classical skating. In their number, besides the decorative value of the arm, head and torso movements (which no doubt can be credited to their ballet training), these young brothers gave the audience the thrill of fleet, effortless movement which is skating's own contribution to the kinaesthetic arts.

It is also of special dance interest that the ballroom dancing on ice also stopped the show. This number done in evening clothes gave the audience the real thrill of imagining themselves on the skater's blades, and as a result, they experienced a grand vicarious work out.

To dance producers the use of props in the "Ice Follies of 1943" has real lesson. Without any curtain to pull and only momentary blackouts, very simple, satisfying and tasteful scenic effects were accomplished in an impressionistic style that gave all the necessary color and drama to the ice stage with a minimum expense, trouble and intermissions.

photo: Constantine

Today's corps de ballet on ice must also master precision technique.

The accompaniment of singing is another innovation that dancers might well consider. In some scenes the singers also supplied dialogue for the pantomime of the skaters, creating an excellent illusion that the skaters had suddenly started to talk.

Another point of interest gleaned from our interview with Miss Lewis was that she teaches dancing to the boys and girls separately except where they are learning duet dances. She feels this not only saves time but enables her to give the boys a more vigorous and masculine style of ballet.

Back stage before the show one would think it was the Russian Ballet that was about to appear, everybody was so busy doing plies, stretches and extensions. However, Miss Lewis pointed out that skaters had to be very careful not to get too warmed up or too flexible as that was one of the important differences betwen dancing and skating. Skaters must keep a certain strength of purchase on the ice, and this

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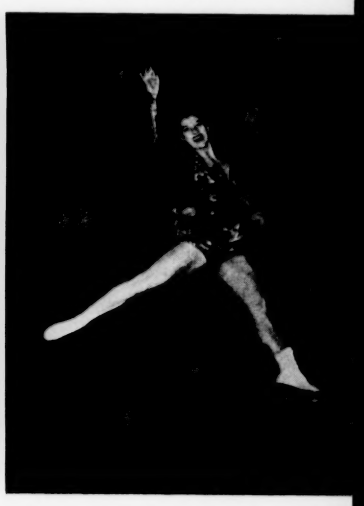
The classical Galbraith Brothers float thru the air with the greatest of ease. So does ice ballerina Mae Ross as she gayly dances thru her routine.

photo: Constantine



THE REGIONAL DANCES OF COLORFUL PORTUGAL

by JULIE SAZONOVA

In May, 1940 I left France with every intention of returning shortly. The threatening Nazi army which was already at France's door did not dismay or worry me. I could not forsee the swift, destructive march which was so shortly to take place. Few people expected the catastrophe to come as it did. So I journeyed southwest across the white Pyrenees, the lonely Iberian plains, crossed the Estremadura into verdant Portugal. I came on a semi official and cultural mission, sent thither by *La Revue Musicale* and *La Nouvelle Revue Francaise*.

I was more or less occupied in Portugal, lecturing occasionally at the University of Coimbra, seated in a town of mediaeval aspect which slopes down to the shores of the nearby Atlantic. In January, 1941, propelled by my own lifelong interest in folkways and folk dance, and encouraged by Antonio Ferro, director of the Portuguese Secretariat of National Propaganda, who facilitated a project for my study of the national dance, I plunged into a tour of Portugal from province to province, from village to village in search of the elusive, bewitching, little known regional dances of that country.

Unlike the dance of its neighbour of Spain, it does not travel well. It does not rub elbows and it has been entirely uninfluenced by the gypsy as in the case of Andalucia. This is borne out by the universal lack of knowledge outside the national borders, of the intimate Portuguese dance. This does not seem so extraordinary when one realizes after some travel and study that even within its own borders, it is hardly known although universally practiced. Up to recent times, it was not even recognized within its own frontiers. This phenomenon merits some thought. Perhaps the most striking reason for it is the richness and diversity of the forms of the Portuguese folk dance.

The countryside of Portugal varies according to the region. A few turns of the wheel and every aspect changes, scenery, architecture, costumes, music, instruments and dance. Its magnificent wooded valleys, the swollen rivers resting in their verdant beds, the beautifully coquettish or picturesquely savage beaches, the snowy mountains, the immense fields of wet rice, the villages hidden under curled foliage, the vineyards and fruit gardens disgorging a fabulous harvest, the forests of giant trees, and rocky expanses, almost desert-like, all these co-neighbour within a limited space, presenting striking contrasts. Portuguese flora, the richest in Europe, includes innumerable species, tropical, sub-tropical and temperate.

This diversity of scenery *reflects* itself in Portuguese folk lore. The peasant living in perfect harmony with nature, flavours his dancing with the customs of his daily life. The white windmills of his plains sing under the wind like Aeolian harps. Their soft melodies reassure the miller of their perpetual motion. The little shepherd girls improvise on airs heard from afar, to communicate with neighbouring shepherds.

The Portuguese sing and dance according to the scenery which surrounds them and the rhythm which influences it. Thus the list of regional dances is almost inexhaustible, each village possessing its proper dance which sometimes carries the name of the scene of origin.

The popular dance is collective, as in olden Greece. It is designed in rounds, or in couples who follow each other. In some regions the round breaks up to pantomime some scene which is a heritage from the mummer's plays of the middle ages. The mimetic gesture, expressive 'though simple, is always interpreted by the peasants with grace and art difficult to imitate.

The young and strong people of the village rival each other in the complexity and fantasy of their steps but do not come out of the common setting which offers the spectacle of a real ballet, spontaneously improvised, whether on the sunny beaches or the flowery fields.

On the days of the *romarias,* pilgrimages followed by divertissements and fairs, the peasants and the fisherfolk arrive from afar on foot, on horseback, or in "carinhas", carriages covered with material artistically painted according to the personal taste of the proprietor. Sometimes entire groups come from the far-off villages, marching long hours, never ceasing their song and dance the entire length of their journey. Hardly arrived, they choose a free corner to form a round and deliver themselves to dance, accompanied by choral chanting. The square at the *romaria* is covered with rounds which apparently never tire out. Not until long after sundown is there surcease from ancient melodies played on guitars, accordions, metal triangles and other instruments of the region. Crowds gather around the booths, where side by side with household utensils and mountains of pottery of various forms, painted toys spread themselves out. Statuettes of saints in stucco, objects of two-penny value, sculptured and painted with a taste and fantasy that is remarkable, abound at these fairs. The spectacle of these *romarias* under the ardent sun of Portugal is impressive.

On holidays the old mediaeval plays, guarded intact thru the centuries, reappear in city and village. At Braga they dance the "Dance of King David", turning that city into a veritable pageant from the middle ages. At Penafiel they dance the "Dance of the Blacksmiths" and hold a procession of the Corpus Santo which is pulled by the Holy Horseman, a figured sculptured in wood and held on horseback by two grooms walking at the animal's side. This figure, which looks almost alive, marching in the procession accompanied by little girls dressed as saints and nuns, was given by the English to the village five centuries ago and has since remained at Penafiel.

In the northern provinces the famous Pauliteiros, dressed in costumes half-masculine, half-feminine, and mimicking the ancient gestures of the mediaeval guilds, dance as though they were in a saddle, artfully brandishing their clubs in simulation of more dangerous arms, and execute the complicated evolutions of a dance which seems to me to belong to the ancient parades of horsemen called to battle by the feudal lords. The origins of these are still acidly debated in Portugal. This dance, strictly guarded, and seen only at Miranda do Douro, and done by a group of dancers holding religiously to tradition, is one of the most curious to be seen in the whole country.

How can one enumerate the innumerable dances of Portugal, each of which has an equal right to attention? The dance of the fisherman differs from that of the peasant, even though they inhabit the same region only a few miles apart.

The fishermen dance barefooted with winged step, bounding and gliding with the abandon, one might say, of a classic dancer. Accustomed to the swell and fluidity of the

(*Continued on Page* 27)

photos: Courtesy of Portuguese Secretariat of Propaganda, Lisbon, Portugal

Center: Francis, nationally known figure in Portuguese ballet circles, portrays the tragic Pedro lamenting over the loss of Inez de Castro in "Verde Gaio", a ballet on national themes. Left side: Typical of the regional rounds is the illustrations of local peasant dancing at the Romarias in the various provinces of Portugal. The upper photo was taken at Leiria, the center photo in the province of Minho; the lower photo in the province of Douro. Right side: The photo on the top shows the Pauliteiros at Mirando do Douro costumed in half-masculine, half-feminine costumes which date back to the middle ages. They are engaged in an ancient dance done with clubs. 2nd panel from top: A Romaria in Nazare. 3rd panel from top, left: Near the famous beach of Figuero da Foz near Oporto, a smiling maid treads a measure, balancing a sand filled flower pot on her head. 3rd panel from top, right: An assembly of barefooted fishermen in ancient costumes dancing on the shores of Apulia. Bottom, right: At a Romaria in Viana do Castelho in the province of Minho.

photo: Gjon Mili

Kathleen Hinni showing the new virtuosity of the Duncan dancer of today.

DUNCAN CONGRESS

Followers of Isadora organize to perpetuate Duncan dancing

by JOY RICHARDS

The Duncan Dance Congress held recently in New York is one of the many wholesome signs of the multiple dance activity that is taking place all over the country.

To have an art worthy of its salt, there must be many camps, many points of view, many diverse expressions all holding forth in mutual respect and good sportsmanship.

The only serious thing that can really happen to the dance is to have one faction get a political edge and suppress all the other expressions. This immediately narrows down dance activity, alienates large groups of the public, ruins budding dance talent, and so completely puts the dance out of focus that eventually even the faction on top finds itself hard pressed to survive.

There is a type of dancing for everybody, and if the dance continues to broaden its scope and give every artist and every dance philosophy a chance, we will soon have a public as large and as heterogeneous as that enjoyed by the movies.

Then, too, each dance expression has certain individual values that it alone can give. Some types are better for children, other kinds more interesting to adults. Some supply the normal expression for rural communities, others satisfy the city folk. There is a dance for this generation and the last generation and something entirely new, fresh and different already brewing for the coming generation.

There is no need for rivalry and conflict between these dance expressions. There's no reason for one laying false claims to another's merits, nor claiming *untrue* kinship to its great leaders.

That Isadora Duncan was one of the greatest figures the dance has produced is now quite universally accepted. That she was an exciting and alluring performer, no one who saw her will deny, that she made an important contribution to dance philosophy, dance technique, and dance choreography are facts well established by leading authorities.

This does not mean that the way Isadora Duncan danced is the best way, the only system, or the future goal, anymore than the same would be true of Noverre, Cecchetti or Fokine.

What is important is that we save the contributions of each successive leader, intact so that the development of the dance may be progressive, sustained, and as rich as possible.

The first function of the Duncan committee therefore, is to keep intact the philosophical choreographical and pedagogical contributions of Isadora Duncan. The second function would seem to be to attempt to find where these contributions could be best used in the dance today, and help them to prosper and flourish in those places. A third, and extremely important function of a Duncan headquarters, will be to form a nucleus of legitimate Duncan activity and enthusiasm, to publicize this point of view so those who want it and need it will be able to have it.

To properly tabulate the Duncan contribution is not an easy task. But some of the outstanding points might be found in the following:

1. Isadora Duncan approached movement inspirationally and intuitively. With Isadora, it was the thought and the feeling that determined and sculptured the movement. The Duncan dance worked from the inside out.

2. Subject matter of Duncan dancing was human emotion, human experience, and human aspiration. Life, its destiny and ideals, were celebrated. The Duncan dance was never guilty of a trivial, sophisticated, satiric or disillusioned approach. There was nothing acrobatic, mechanistic, or exhibitionistic in the Duncan repertoire.

3. The limited Duncan vocabulary of movement and

gesture is, without doubt, one of the most inspired in the whole of dance history.

4. The Duncan repertoire of dances is both educational and artistic. Should be preserved and passed on for the joy and edification of each coming generation, just as ballet technique has been preserved and passed on.

5. The emphasis on femininity in the Duncan style is a noteworthy contribution. Softness of movement, sweetness of expression is found in all except the heroic dances, but even these are always the heroic woman, the mother, the beloved, the goddess. No Duncan dance ever took a neuter or sexless approach to movement.

6. For technique, anatomical posture and functional movement were basic, not that they were sought scientifically but because the classical ideal celebrated the healthy, the norm, the harmoniousness and proportionate.

7. Ease and fluidity of movement have never known a greater expression than in the Duncan System while the amazing breath control of all properly trained Duncan dancers is noteworthy.

8. As an embodiment of the Isadora Duncan style, we are fortunate in having Maria Theresa still before the public. At times her fidelity to the image of Isadora is so great as to give a perfect illusion of her illustrious teacher. She celebrates the same soft, rich femininity of form, spiritual grace of gesture, and ineffable sweetness of expression. In her tragic numbers she uses the same stylized expressions of the classical tragic mask, that were Isadora's inspiration.

It might be well to take this occasion to lay the ghost that is conjured up at rhythmic intervals by certain modern dance enthusiasts to the effect that Isadora is the forerunner of the modern dance and that the modern dancers are really Duncan dancers of the new generation. Nothing is more false, more confusing, more detrimental to both expressions.

The moderns should be too proud of their own accomplishment to try to falsely prop it up by claiming kinship to a movement to which they were in open rebellion. It was the bad imitations of Duncan that swung the pendulum to the other extremes of movement which produced the vital, new and important development known as the modern dance. No system has everything, nor is it necessary it should have. A new system is important largely because it expresses fresh approaches, undiscovered techniques, and contrasting values. Let each one be true to its own destiny and be content to shine in its own unreflected glory.

The Duncan congress was opened at the YMHA by a full evening program by Maria Theresa and her Heliconades including Anastasia, Anatole, Calliroe, Nike, Kore.

The next afternoon a very well attended session gave demonstrations by various Duncan classes in the vicinity. These included demonstrations by six groups, introduced by Josephine Petts of Bryn Mawr. The first group of children from the Goddard Neighborhood Center was directed by Carol Rossin and Dorothy McDermid. The second group, from the Lenox Hill Neighborhood Association and the Stuyvesant Neighborhood House, was directed by Ethel Mandell. The third group of participants included children from Short Hills, Maplewood, N. J., directed by Kathleen Hinni, with child Margaret Dampman, composer, at the piano. The fourth group was directed by Anita Zahn and Rosemarie Beenk. The fifth group was directed by Julia Levien. The sixth group was directed by Lillian Rosenberg.

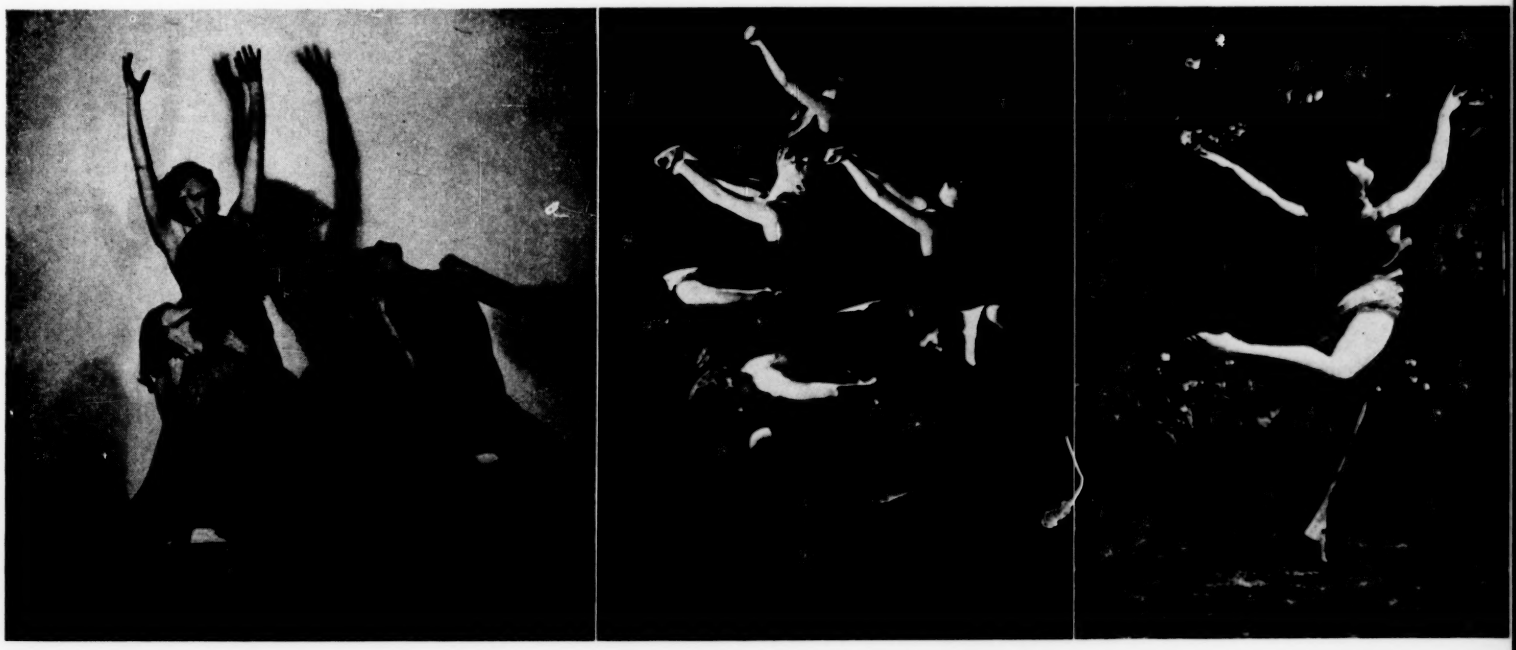
The same evening a recital of Duncan dances was given by an admirably planned cooperation among a number of Duncan exponents. These included Hortense Dolan, Mignon Garland, Julia Levien, Anita Zahn, Rosemarie Beenk, Dorothy McDermid, Kathleen Hinni and Zara Viool.

It is to be hoped that the Duncan committee will continue its good work and not stop until it has established itself in a permanent headquarters, organized an authentic Duncan school, and presented a seasonal series of Duncan concerts.

Those wishing further information may write the Duncan Committee at 71 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Members of the committee are as follows: Anita Zahn, Rosemarie Beenk, Julia Levien, Mignon Garland, Hortense Dolan, Lillian Rosenberg, Ethel Mandell, Dorothy McDermid, Josephine Petts, Kathleen Hinni, Maria Theresa.

The Duncan organization may well be considered by many other groups in the dance as an excellent way to develop their point of view into a well established contribution to the all inclusive field of the dance. We would like to see many such organizations.

Left: Anita Zahn Dancers in a heroic mood. Middle: Irma Duncan Dancers in "Dance Slav". Right: Pupil of Ethel Mandell in Duncan arabesque.
photos left to right: Davidson, Sunami, Mandell



The Movie Mirror

photo: M.G.M.

Fresh as a daisy, that's Judy Garland in "For Me and My Gal". This daisy sings and dances in this M.G.M. film.

★

Left: A problem in geometry posed by Lynn, Royce, and Vanya, mad-hatters of the ballroom dance. There is no answer unless you want to look for it in R.K.O. Radio's "Seven Days Leave". Right: Spring is here. It's "Springtime in the Rockies" because lovely Betty Grable is around, and that's enough reason. Cesar Romero in the background makes it a very warm Spring.

"Saludos Amigos" (R.K.O. Radio)

A highly entertaining and colorful spectacle is Walt Disney's newest adventure into cartoonland. This time, four South American countries, the Argentine, Peru, Chile and Brazil are the locale for the antics of our old friends Donald Duck and Goofy the Horse. The film is a series of dance travelogues which celebrate the beauties of Lake Titicaca in Peru, the charms of a little Chilean aeroplane named Pedro, the grace and Latin sweep of the Argentine Malambo, danced by both natives and Goofy the Horse; and for a finale, an overpowering Samba executed by the inimitable Donald and a new Disney character, Joe Carioca, a Brazilian parrot. The Samba itself is executed to the strains of "Acquarela Brasileira," with constant flashbacks to the real life Brazilians in the streets of Rio during Mardi Gras. The running commentary in English is broadly humorous, none of its wit being spiked, but soothing instead. The colors, particularly in the Brazilian sequence, are delightful, sometimes riotously so. The short is also notable for the use of the primitive reed pipe used by the Indians in Peru, and the typical dance executed by a very talented llama, with great dignity and aplomb.

As amusing as the llama is Goofy, the cowboy, who is transplanted from deep in the heart of Texas, as quick as a whistle to become a cabelero deep in the heart of the pampas. There is some beautiful color painting done before your eyes by the Disney artists. All in all, "Saludos Amigos" is a diverting combination of dance, music and color, and humor, delightfully executed.

"A Nation Dances" (Warner Bros.)

Every year in Moscow a great dance festival is held just before the autumn harvest in the U.S.S.R. by the many peoples who live within its borders. A year ago this autumn with Nazi guns thundering only fifteen miles from the Russian capital, the citizens and performers alike showed not only their contempt for the hordes on the outskirts of the city, but their belief in their own defenses by going about their business as usual. A remarkable film of this dance festival is distributed in this country by Warner Bros. and is being shown exclusively at this time in New York City at the Stanley Theatre. The film is called "A Nation Dances."

Paradoxically, it is really some one hundred and twenty nations that dance in the U.S.S.R. as this vast country which covers one-sixth of the land surface of the earth harbors one hundred and twenty diversified languages and peoples.

Of the numerous ensembles represented nine have been recorded. The dancers are young and remarkable for their good looks and vigor. They are *not* the professional dancers of the many state ballets and operas. They are industrial, agricultural and office workers who do this for fun. Their excellence is hard to believe. If you can judge a nation by the way her people dance, then Russia is a dauntless, vigorous, courageous nation.

The span between East and West is seen in "Zang-Bozy," a dance of Bokhara and "Vendrea-Polka," a dance of the far north near the Finnish border. "Zang-Bozy" is a cousin of Hindu Natya, and the girls who dance it are skillful in the hand and head gesture of the Orient. "Tatarochka," "Gazakhi" (from Azerbaijan) and "Chichidyrk" (Kalmuck) are colorful evidence of Tartar and Mongol nations in the Soviet near east. "Yula," a Bessarabian group dance, and "Bulba," a group dance from Byelo-

(*Continued on page* 30)

photo, left: R.K.O. Radio; right: 20th Century-Fox

The Theatre Goer

by RUDOLF ORTHWINE

BEAT THE BAND

Another good dance show hits Broadway and "makes a hit."

If you are partial to laughter, peppy music and continental dancing, you must see "Beat the Band" the current Abbot show packing them in at the 46th Street Theatre.

For the laughter there is the generously proportioned Romo Vincent, and the energetic gag man, Jerry Lester. One of the funniest scenes from the point of view of the dance is "The Afternoon of a Phoney" a broad satire of the classical ballet "The Afternoon of a Faun."

The dancing of the whole show is delightful. Everybody dances with the least provocation or no reason at all, but it is good dancing varied, skillful and well arranged by no less a choreographer than David Lichine.

Eunice Healy as the Princess combines tap and ballet technique in her extraordinarily beautiful legs, and makes everybody happy.

Juanita Juarez is an exotic bit of Puerto Rican pulchritude that dances from top to toe, in the real Calypso manner.

Mark Platt, better known as Mark Platoff, of the Ballet Russe does some fine dancing in the classical manner and also some pleasing popular routines. This Mark Platt, erstwhile Platoff, will bear watching.

Johnny Mack does an interesting combination drummer and tap dancer act with tap as delicate or robust as you wish.

The story is about a South American girl who is sent up to New York to visit her god father but because of a mixup she finds herself god fathered by a dashing young orchestra leader who happens to be renting her god father's apartment. She and her maid Juanita arrive plus bags, trunks and the proverbial parrot to create quite a stir in New York and the young musician's heart.

The band, which is a real part of the show, strikes up at all dramatic moments and finishes the show off with a bang. One of the most amusing moments is when the cornetist fastens a puppet to his hand and gives a marionette show incidental to figuring the stops of the cornet as he plays.

It's all lots of fun. Don't miss it.

* * *

At the Rainbow Grill Russ Smith and his orchestra are real entertainers, as well as a lively band. Their Texas song and professor act are both first class comics. Penney Bancroft is an entertaining songbird and the floor show is topped off by Irmgard and Allen, ballroom team. This is the first appearance of this couple in New York in quite a while; they come here from an engagement in Canada. Irmgard is a charming and capable performer and Allen an accomplished ballroom dancer. They make a delightful couple. One of their own tango interpretations and a well acted gay nineties number were both very original and topped the applause on the whole program.

* * *

The new Hotel New Yorker Ice Show is a good piece of entertainment. You may almost call it a Ballet on Ice with the added advantage of a good Master of Ceremonies. Bob Rassel accompanies the swirling artists with songs in a good voice. It is a good skating show with attractive costumes and happy lighting effects.

photo: Vandamm

Johnny Mack, tap dancer, prods Romo Vincent in the whatsis, while "Steam is on the Beam" in the George Abbott show "Beat the Band".

★

A glamorous souffle from "Beat the Band". Mark Platt, former soloist in the Ballet Russe, seen here in the act of keeping an impetuous lady from crashing to earth. This ensemble, like all others, was created by David Lichine.

photo: Vandamm

CROSSROADS

(*Continued from Page* 13)

heavy fur coat, disclosing another coat. This, when removed, revealed a business like tweed affair. Madame, with an air of performing nothing extraordinary, then plucked off the tweed affair, revealing next to her innermost core, a rehearsal dress.

"Ah, thees treacherous New York climate!" groaned Madame, reaching in her purse for a handkerchief with which to blow her nose. As she opened the bag and disclosed several week's collection of letters, an assortment of armament of the minute kind, several boxes of powder and a pair of socks, a door-knob fell out and rolled away, falling with a clatter into the orchestra pit. It was the door-knob of her house, explained Madame, with a deprecatory wave of her wrist. As she was leaving it came off, so being in a hurry she simply deposited it in her purse, "to keep warm and safe." It was ten minutes before one of the girls located the door-knob nestling in a comfortable crack.

By this time, la capitaine, Helene, was nowhere to be found. She had some time previously encountered in the green room one Signor Grazielli, the stage manager, a gentleman who had a great liking for rock and rye and conversation. The two had promptly disappeared around the corner for a hot toddy and mutual commiseration over the state of the world. Their drooping spirits somewhat revived, they returned shortly after noon to find Madame and the corps-de-ballet gnawing at home made sandwiches and pacing energetically up and down the stairs set by the stage manager for the rehearsal of the pantomime. La capitaine and Madame immediately withdrew for a consultation about the choreography.

Marian sat down again and reflected, "Nearly 12:30. I've been here two and a half hours and nothing has happened. What a lot *can* happen in two and a half hours. For fourteen years I've been a dancer and six years I've danced on this stage, but what good am *I* doing by staying on like this?"

She opened her paper bag and extracted the remnants of her lunch.

"Definitely, I must move on from here," she thought, as the voices of Madame and Helene screeched on and the corps-de-ballet chattered and laughed, looking as if they had never heard of Pearl Harbor. But as Marian ate and watched, the grudging thought sneaked in that *this* was her business, not nursing, or making war, or miscellaneous business at which she might never be any good. This dancing was her happiness and strength. However by dint of fixing her mind on Peter, she banished the regret that was begining to assail her at the thought of saying goodbye to the theatre and dancing.

Presently Madame and Helene, having talked themselves hoarse, pulled out a portable phonograph and set thereon a record of the Dream Pantomime. The choreography was simple, so simple that reduced to its component parts, it consisted of nothing else but a walk. By virtue of the size of the stage, the central tree under which slept Hansel and Gretel, and the staircase presumably leading right into Heaven, the fourteen angels managed to convey a sense of poetic movement without resort to superfluous gesture. They carried only palms in their hands as props and walked interminably in beautific manner.

Suddenly, la capitaine gritted her teeth so loudly that the momentary peace was shaken.

"Sleepwalkers!" she howled, "Madame, what are we supposed to be, angels or sleepwalkers? Oh, I can't stand this!" she wailed, racing up and down, and raising a dust wherever she trod.

Madame stopped the music and after a short discussion, she exclaimed,

'Now, gurrls, do theees as if you are walking on air, you, know, like drrreem."

"Yes! Like dream," snorted Helene, "like dope dream!"

And she proceded to illustrate how an angel should walk in a dope dream. Never having had any dope dream experience, the corps-de-ballet fell somewhat short in its imitation of the dope dreamwalker. However, by the time the long haired impressario entered at 1:30 to indicate that the day had officially begun in his theatre, the dream pantomime was fixed as if by a rivet in the minds of the corps-de-ballet.

Maestro, which was what the impressario liked to be called, was a man who devoted the better part of his life to acting the part of an impressario. He stood a magnificent six-feet three, wore a flowing tie, and dyed his greying hair, which fell behind his ears to his shoulders, a lovely black. His voice was a musical reverberating Italian, and his glance informed you that he simply couldn't be responsible for the devastation he caused in the feminine heart. Only in opera buffo would he have been credible. On the streets of New York people had to look twice before they could believe their eyes.

He now proceded towards the rehearsal group like a battleship being launched, and rewarded the assembled dancers with the look of a barnyard cock who reviews the poultry run and finds it good. Having done *his* part in maintaining feminine morale, he then nodded his head four times in the direction of Madame and took his departure to the front of the house.

No sooner had he gone than the stage hands swarmed in, ready to set the first scene. Further rehearsal on the stage became impossible. The final dance, where the gingerbread boys and girls are released from the witch's spell, was rehearsed in the company dressing room.

To improve matters, Honorine, the wardrobe mistress, inserted her vast bulk into the room. She deposited before each mirror several loads of costumes and wigs.

For the next hour, while the girls were engaged in making angels out of themselves, Madame rested herself on a chair and waxed biographical. Between the panting efforts of the girls to adjust the somewhat frayed mechanism of angel's wings, a great deal was heard about Madame's excursion to Havana in her younger days, and the colossal effect of her blonde hair on the gentlemen of Havana.

Suddenly, Helene rushed into the dressing room, her black hair disheveled and her face made up on only one side.

"Ten minutes!" she screamed in tragic accents.

There was a nervous scramble for wigs. The wig was the last step. Those who were lucky enough to possess blonde hair of their own played angels au naturel. The unlucky brunettes wore blonde wigs with some interesting, if amusing effects. Little Sofie always managed to look like a bewildered little pixie, while Carrie and Helene both looked reasonably like Harpo Marx. The blessed intervention of footlights and space performed the magic necessary to create the illusion of angelic beauty.

Down the dark stairway sped the fourteen angels, holding their long, cotton gowns out of the reach of their feet. Madame brought up the rear leaving a trail of hairpins behind her from dressing room to wings, where she finally stationed herself.

The ten minute alarm proved to be premature. Hansel and Gretel did not lie down on their patch of turf for another good half hour. Until then, a few yards upstage, behind a gauze drop, fourteen angels fidgeted on the heavenly stairs and discussed men and the cost of toe shoes.

Suddenly it became apparent that the stage manager was nowhere to be found. A few further trips to the local bowl of cheer had so improved his spirits that at this very moment he was out on Sixth Avenue wishing interested passers-by a merry Christmas.

In the wings where Madame stood, panic charged the air, and on the stairs the angels registered alternating annoyance and despair.

Mercifully, the electrician knew his cues and when the lights went on, the gauze curtain lifted, revealing a company of sweetly composed angels pressing green palms to their bosoms.

In that moment, Marian's ears picked up the almost imperceptible sigh from a thousand young throats in the audience. It filled her with the precious sense of belonging in the theatre which is always communicated to a performer from a thrilled and excited audience. She had little time to dwell upon her recurring regret at leaving the theatre, however, as it evolved that another contretemps was upon them.

From her position on the top step la capitaine hissed, "Go," at Renee, who was to lead the procession, and therefore stood on the bottom of the stair.

Renee, however, did not go. She stood as if turned to stone, her face fixed on the wings.

"Go!" snarled Helene, sotto voce.

"Don't go!" gesticulated Madame from the wings, "It isn't time yet!"

"It is too time yet!" hissed la capitaine, turning purple under her Max Factor number two powder. "Hell on wheels, GO!"

"Don't go!" pantomimed Madame.

Renee stood transfixed. She could not see the apoplectic face of Helene behind her, but she could see Madame's frantic gestures before her, so she obeyed what her eyes saw.

The lovely round tones of the Dream Pantomime rolled on, and under the tree Hansel and Gretel were beginning to make quite audible remarks about the immovable angels, when Madame, fixing her eye on Renee with a stern look, motioned, "Go!"

Just then the heavy curtain began its slow descent, and Renee, seeing this, decided it might be wiser not to go. The dream music came to a conclusion and the house rang with applause.

The angel pantomime, so fitfully rehearsed, had not been played at all.

Helene stamped off the stage breathing threats out of the side of her mouth. In the wings Madame and Maestro indulged themselves in a big scene. The back of the house rang with their cries. Presently the storm died down.

(*Continued on Page* 31)

PORTUGAL DANCES

(*Continued from Page* 20)

waves and the sands, the fisherwomen, like waves, hardly touch the ground with their light feet. The body is supple and inclined forward in these dances, the elbows couched behind like wings, the head held high.

The women of Nazare, in little hats ornamented with tufts of colored plumes, long black capes falling from their shoulders, appear like barefooted princesses from some Renaissance court, so majestic and full of grace is their carriage and step. The fisherwomen of a little village near Oporto jump, turn, execute a thousand complicated figures, all the while balancing on their head pots covered with flowers and filled with sand weighing up to ten pounds. The daily exercise of women carrying their burdens on their heads in this manner makes this feat possible.

But if the ocean says to the fisherman, its daily companion, "Slide, make yourself supple and light," the earth says to the sower of seed, "Lean with strength! Trace a heavy furrow and you shall reap." Therefore, the countryman's dance is underlined with the step which clings to the ground, sinking the foot while elevating the toe and tapping the heel. He almost relinquishes the sliding step and marks the ground with the introductory "marcacao" step, three simple steps to the left and three to the right. This fundamental difference between the dance of coastal fisherman and the peasant of the interior varies according to the province.

Under the transparent vines climbing on the trees in old Roman style, the inhabitants of Minho produce numbers of figures which are composed of the Vira and its derivatives, or of the Chula and its rounds. Superbly dressed in costumes hand embroidered, the head wrapped in a beautiful scarf, the bosom covered with gleaming colors, the woman of Minho turns and snaps her fingers, her little slipper pivoting maliciously before her partner. He, in turn, jumps, interlacing his legs in a fashion like the entre chat quatre, and throws himself into the air, executing a thousand choreographic exploits, in which each virtuoso adds his personal bit. These steps are sometimes fiery and bounding, and sometimes, tender and poignant.

The chorus of men and women separate into two groups and sing in a choral duel, each provoking the other to response. They sing the beautiful ancient melodies of Minho, the men inviting the women, and they, in turn, teasingly disdainful of their amorous appeal. The young girl of Minho, dressed like an earth goddess, still coquettish in her work-a-day clothes, with a large, straw hat, quits the rounds danced by the maidens as soon as she is married. Dignified and reserved, her infant in her arms, she will come later only to watch the girls dance, in obedience to a living tradition which does not permit the violation of the purity of this ancient dance of the virgins of Minho.

The fandango with its fiery "picar" which continues until breathlessness ensues, the "gota" with its stylized rond de jambe, rule side by side with the Vira and the Chula of Minho. There is a malicious figure in a dance where the cavalier profits from inattention of his rival to replace him and win away his dame. This figure, which, by the way, is not done by young girls who are affianced, unless they dance with their fiancees, animates many dances of the north.

The plains of Alentejo know little other than the chants of Saias and their almost stationary movements, which one might compare to a dance of flowers. In the Midi, in the Algarve, where the souvenirs left by the Moors still remain in the shape of superstitions and legends of the enchanted Moor, the best known is the "coridinho" with its stamping of feet, jumps and pirouettes, its audacious turns, its virtuosity, a dance which requires a unique sense of timing.

The "campinhos" at Villafranca near Lisbon dance a marvelous fandango on a wooden platform. This is a contest of virtuosity, permitting no repetition of steps. Their ability and powers of endurance are extraordinary.

This treasure, still virgin, of legends and popular dances was lately used by the national ballet movement formed under the direction of Antonio Ferro and directed by the choreographer and leading ballet dancer of Portugal, Francis.

A beautiful original ballet was built on the tragic theme of Inez de Castro, an epic sung by the national poets. Inez de Castro, whose lover was the Infante of Portugal,

(*Continued on Page* 31)

MIRIAM MARMEIN
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CHILDREN'S BALLET

(*Cantinued from page* 11)

Company tries to do. You do the children and their parents a great favor by letting them know early in the game whether the children have enough talent and interest to make dancing a profession.

"There is no exploiting of the children allowed. The performances are definitely limited. Even so, each child must rehearse two hours a week, over and above her lessons. Principals get special coaching at convenient times.

"During the summer when the children are free, we do our best work. Four days a week the children come to a dancing summer school. Then they have a long weekend from Thursday night to Monday morning.

"In a cool, well ventilated studio, advanced pupils have their lessons from ten to eleven thirty; less advanced, from eleven thirty to one. Lunch and rest are followed by a rehearsal period. Children make themselves costumes in between times, knit themselves tights and generally put the time to good use.

"I want some day to have this an outdoor summer school on some lovely camp site. Most children waste their summer and then suffer with a too heavy schedule during the school year. What an opportunity to give them their art education during the idle summer months.

"The Children's Ballet Company do only fairy tales because I feel they offer the artistic and ethical content that children understand and love. You have only to listen to children talk to realize how easily their minds take to the symbolic and fantastic. Fairy tales are always clear and significant to the child's mind. Then, too, I myself, love fairy tales," added Mr. Levinoff with complete unselfconsciousness.

If you were to drop in on a rehearsal of the Children's Ballet you would be amazed at the professional atmosphere. Everything is quiet and orderly, everybody is working full bent. Mr. Levinoff is quiet and natural with the children, but never lets a slip pass uncorrected.

The children love it. I cornered Jeanette Acquilina, age 10, who danced the lead in Cinderella. She was all aglow because her mother had made her a new practice costume for a birthday present. Jeanette has it firmly in her mind to become a great dancer. She gets a big thrill out of performances but almost as much out of rehearsals. She adores Mr. Levinoff and says she's glad he "bawls her out" when she makes mistakes. "That's what's going to make me a perfect dancer", she observes philosophically.

Jacqueline Finnan, age 8, told me during intermission she would rather dance than play, but she was still having diffculty doing everything to the left as well as the right, but every good dancer had to do everything both ways. Jacqueline could hardly wait for the coming weekend because her father had promised to take her picture in her new ballet dress. I'm sure any daddy who saw the thrill that gave Jacqueline would take up amateur photography at once.

Seena Walker is only thirteen but she looks very grown up. She plays the leading part in The Sleeping Beauty, but enjoys just as much dancing in the other ballets as a member of the corps de ballet. There's the right spirit for you!

Gladys Baldes is the leading fairy in Cinderella. She also makes all her costumes. She too is only twelve but looks quite grown up.

Dorothy Sutton, age 16, is a member of the senior ballet, because she grew up and out of the children's ballet. Now she wants to be a dancer as well as an opera singer and she is torn between her two ambitions. Whichever she finally chooses, it is quite evident, she will be a better artist because of her training in the sister art.

Gloria Morgan has also graduated to the senior ballet because she is sixteen and has studied eight years. She is just waiting to finish high school to go into dancing professionally. She practices every day and loves her dancing above every other interest.

Dorothy Bergen, seventeen, is not only in the senior ballet, but she is Mr. Levinoff's assistant and loves her teaching as much as her dancing. She dances at high school quite often and her classmates are all very much interested in her career. She remarked that all the girls that were dancers in her school also stood high in scholarship.

"They have to be able and conscientious to do both," she concluded.

Such a group of charming, happy hard-working children and adolescents would sell any parent on the value of this type of art activity. There was no showing off, no over stimulation, no nonsense. The results were as satisfying to watch as they were to the participants.

Other members of the Children's Ballet Company are Joan Bossone, Joan Dinzey, Roberta Doyle, Patricia Poole, Robert Poole,

(*Continued on page* 29)

BAUM'S ushers in the New Year, 1943, with the same good will practiced for over a half century. The wise teacher still will do her buying at one place. She knows that she will save money at BAUM'S, America's Greatest Theatrical Department Store.

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THIS WE WERE AND ARE

(*Continued from page* 12)

The one thing that came to May out of this entire experience was a tremendous appreciation of America and the expressions native to her own land. The trip had given her a perspective and held before her for nearly a year a basis for comparison and study. When she returned to her home in Sacramento, she found she could look at those around her with an objective detachment and see them as part of an American pattern of life, character and tradition quite different from the European pattern. In the same way she found the Wigman work, which she liked very much, was no longer enough for her because she could not interpret the American way with a European expression. Another search began.

She went to Los Angeles, but found nothing for her there. Then someone suggested Martha Graham (another artist with a searching, inquisitive mind from out of the west, who has found an American expression). May O'Donnell decided that at all costs she would go and see for herself.

So May and her mother went to New York and signed up with Hanya Holm, who at that time had the Wigman School. May also went to see Graham and joined her beginner's class. It was not long before Miss Graham noticed the long legs, the grace and seriousness of May, and liked her. She told her assistant to have Miss O'Donnell take more lessons. Miss Graham watched her develop and invited her to join the group. This was in 1932 and it proved a fortunate step for May. She first did fill-in parts in the Graham group and gradually worked up to being a regular member of the company.

She worked with Louis Horst and became his assistant during the first Bennington summer session (1934). She was a member of the company on Graham's first transcontinental tour in 1937.

During much of this time she was teaching modern dance at a YWCA and once a week went to Washington, D. C. to teach at the King-Smith school there.

In 1937 May O'Donnell met someone else who was to be an influence and a great help to her in her search for American interpretation. Ray Green, also a Californian, had just returned from Europe where he had been studying music under a Prix de Paris from the University of California. That summer they started working together on a suite, "Of Pioneer Women." This work finally crystalized her desire, as Miss O'Donnell expressed it, "To do my own work, and to do it in the west."

She continued working with Martha Graham, however. In 1938 Ray Green composed the music for Graham's "American Document." May and Ray came back to the coast together, but they stopped off in Santa Fe long enough to be married. In San Francisco they started a school. Gertrude Shurr, also of the Graham group joined them.

The first two years were a struggle, getting the school started and putting into a tangible demonstration their theories and individual expression. One thing was easy. May and Ray were both entirely agreed upon the ultimate goal of reflecting this country and its people. In 1940 they gave their first concert at the Veteran's Auditorium in San Francisco presenting " . . . So Proudly We Hail . . . " This was accompanied by two pianos and a chorus. The sub-heads on the program tell the story of how well May had progressed toward her ultimate goal, "Cornerstone", (this we were and are, and there is beauty in it), "Three Hymn Tunes", "Of Pioneer Women", Our Rivers, Our Cradles", "Jigg for a Concert", "Dance Set", "Epilogue" from "Cornerstone".

May O'Donnell's dance interpretation called "These Inventions of Casey Jones", showing her flair for free, vigorous, movement.

This concert was repeated at Mills College. Jose Limon, teaching there, saw it and asked Miss O'Donnell to do a concert with him. They did "War Lyrics" and "Three Women".

In the fall of 1940 Limon returned to the west. He and May with Ray Green as composer-pianist again appeared in concerts together until this summer when Limon rejoined the Humphrey-Weidman group.

So now May and Ray are working alone again. This time they are developing a small group of dancers which they believe will add further scope and a larger and more sweeping quality to their compositions. These will continue to celebrate the far horizons, sweeping winds, and the great and beautiful, thoroughly and typically American "wide open spaces."

So, quietly, diligently, and with deep sincerity and humility in the task they have set themselves, May O'Donnell and Ray Green, artists, work and build for the future of America.

* * *

CHILDREN'S BALLET

(*Continued from page* 28)

Sandra Grubel, Roslyn Halweil, Queenie Hogg, Honey Kaye, Dorothy Metzger, Gloria Miles, Sylvia Ovrut, Seena Wolper, Mae Campbell, Mylo Snyder (guest artist).

This surely is the pattern on which we can build a new and finer generation of dance artists, a bigger and better audience all over the country.

ON THE HINDU DANCE

(*Continued from page* 17)

With naive admiration, people still imitate some of the more striking movements, for instance, the lateral head movement, and the creeping forward movement in the wide second position.

But more than the exotic charm of jeweled bodies, the delicate sound of dancing feet adorned with sweet toned bells, the boneless grace of the flowing arms and shoulders, more than the intricate incantations of the "weird" music, the subtle poise of hands, torso, hips and feet, the carefully controlled head and eye gestures, there is great dignity derived from the great poetic richness of its culture. Personal beauty and adeptness are secondary. They are really derived from the devotion to the dance. The dance-drama of India is not a display of self but its absolution, and thus it accomplishes a union with the infinite.

The words are perhaps in a mystic vein, and might make these ideas seem foreign to us, but it is really no different when we say that the actor was so immersed in his role that he forgot himself. It would seem necessary in all good art to do this very thing to become transported, freed of the self, immersed in the role, in the painting, or in the dance, as the case may be. Furthermore, it is this giving of oneself that leads to the personal development, possible from participation in all good art.

The classical dance of India is not in spirit alien to ourselves. The technique, music, costumes, and the people are strange to us, and in many ways more sensitively cultured, but as we learn to understand each other, we grow from this understanding to an appreciation of the spirited message in the classical dance of India.

* * *

ICE FOLLIES

(*Continued from page* 19)

becomes impossible when the muscles are too warm and pliable. Then, too, the constant pile of the straight skating technique has to be balanced by more extensions and fewer plies in the preparation.

But now the signal for the opening of the show was flashed. A moment later all was darkness. We were led by Mr. Hadlich, acting for the moment as expert blackout warden, to a front row in the arena. In another moment gorgeous shafts of light pierced the darkness and revealed the "Water Lily Ballet" already on the ice ready to transport us into a frozen fairyland of beauty.

If you want an evening of good entertainment, if you want to see a colorful, fast-moving, perfectly produced show, if you want to see three hours of dancing on blades, go to the "Ice Follies of 1943". Whether you are seven or seventy, or anywhere in between, you'll have a marvelous time.

Editor's Note: Beginning next month we will have a regular skating department. Send us news and photos of your skating activities.

VALENTINOFF

(*Continued from page* 14)

for them he found no use for their dolls and other toys. One of his playmates was a little girl, thin as a match stick, who grew up into one of the more important of the young ballerinas of today. Her name is Nora Kaye.

The outlaw streak diminished in time. His mind occupied itself eternally with the composition of dance. These he performed anywhere, school, street, park, hallways. They took him to Leonide Massine, who in 1929 was at the Roxy. Massine was greatly struck with his talent and said,

"As an artist I can teach this boy nothing, but if he wants to dance, he must study."

They took him to Mordkin to exhibit his dances. Mordkin, fascinated, shouted for every one in the building to come in and watch. They took him to Nimura, for whom he danced a Chinese dance. Nimura exclaimed,

"This can't be the work of a boy nine years old! Who did this? Was it you?" he asked Valya's mother.

They took him to Fokine who looked at him and quickly clapped a scholarship upon him. Valya began to collect scholarships like other people collect newspaper clippings, birds' eggs, or locks of hair. His teachers were legion.

Some of you may remember Charlie Chaplin as the little barber shaving a customer to the accompaniment of Brahm's 2nd Hungarian Rhapsody in "The Great Dictator". In 1933 Valya performed the same stunt as "Scapin" in "La Serva Padronna" at the Master Institute. His versatility during this period confounded his critics. As a choreographer he was prolific but haplessly premature. However he appeared in concert dancing his own compositions many times, occasionally with Viola Essen and the aforementioned Nora Kaye.

His entree to the Ballet Russe seemed pre-ordained. It came about thru his participation as a super in the mob scene in "Petrouchka", the season of 1934. When he appeared before Massine for an audition, he was not immediately recognized as the child of nine who had danced for him at the Roxy Theatre. It was not until he began to dance that Massine recognized him as the nine year old prodigy.

His first and only season with the Ballet Russe was a testament of mishap, triumph, intrigue, mischief, tribulation and violent parting. Valya whittled hotel chairs and tables from coast to coast that memorable first tour. Upon one occasion Col. de Basil was presented with a bill for $300.00 for burned rugs by an apopletic hotel management. Also a passion for exploding stink-bombs, which he shared with a certain baby ballerina, who shall be nameless, got him into plenty of hot water. Once during a gala dress rehearsal one of these infernal machines went poof, and Massine, like everyone else there, assumed that Valya, who was at the moment twiddling his thumbs in a corner was the culprit. Massine stalked up to the boy and smacked his face soundly. The real culprit was the ballerina, but he never accused her, and had she not confessed with remorseful tears, nobody would have been the wiser.

Although a great favorite in the company for his looks and charm, he was quite the busybody, studying everybody's parts omnivorously. One day he understudied himself right into Massine's part of the "Barkeep" in "Union Pacific". A triumph under such conditions was heady wine for a fourteen year old. Massine, much pleased with the boy's talent, promised him the part of "The Suicide" in "Jardin Publique", a part originally promised to David Lichine. Valya was such a success in it that a battle ensued over it, making it a cause celebre. At this point Massine and Lichine were not being cordial to each other and although the latter was quite indifferent to the part, Sol Hurok, the impressario felt that Lichine, being better known than Valya, must dance the role when the company came back to New York. Massine stuck to his guns and let Valya do "The Suicide" in the New York opening, *but* the programme read David Lichine, not Valentinoff. This incident accomplished the parting of the ways between Valya and the company. Upon seeing this piece of intrigue, Mme. Valentinoff rose up in righteous wrath and extracted her sprout from the heart of the Ballet Russe. Of course, this is all ancient ballet history now, and all parties concerned have long ago ceased to care a jot, but it is interesting to speculate upon the probable career of Valentinoff had he remained within the charmed circle.

His subsequent career has been anything but confined. He has ranged from W.P.A. Federal Theatre to opera. He has probably partnered more ballerinas than any other male dancer of his age on the scene. He has been a "Prodigal Son" a la Gluck-Sandor for the Federal Theatre and an "Adonis" a la Midge Fielding at Broadway's Paradise Restaurant for eight months. He has danced leading parts in the Stadium Ballets under the aegis of Fokine, Yakovleff, and the Schuberts. He has toured with the Fokine ballets, danced leading parts with the St. Louis Municipal Opera Company, appeared in cabarets high and low, in opera, vaudeville and musical comedy. He partnered Patricia Bowman in "Virginia", the super-duper musical of a few years ago at the Center Theatre. He has played numerous return engagements at the Radio City Music Hall, and appeared in numerous solo concerts.

He has danced the leading warrior in "Prince Igor" so many times that many people expect him to tote a bow and arrow around with him wherever he goes. Upon one occasion when he was dancing this part at the Stadium under the direction of Fokine, a number of tattling fellows rushed to Fokine and told him that Valentinoff was taking liberties with the costume, a tradition which Fokine always maintained rigidly. Upon inspecting the liberties taken with the costume Fokine cast an amused eye upon him and said,

"Mm. Mm. Very original. Xorosho (good)!" and that was that.

At a certain point Valya became so involved with girls, girls and girls that his career was nearly scuttled. Happily he came out of the spin in time. For over a year his fortunes were tied up with the fan dancer, Sally Rand, with whom he appeared in a

(*Continued on page* 32)

The delectable dancing star, Dona Drake, in Paramount Pictures' hit, "Star Spangled Rhythm"

THE MOVIE MIRROR

(*Continued from page* 24)

Russia, are amusing, imaginative, happy dances.

"Once Upon a Honeymoon" (R.K.O. Radio)

Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant are featured in a new picture, "Once Upon a Honeymoon," which in my opinion is a worthy follower up of "Mrs. Miniver." It has been a long time since I've seen a picture which so fully aroused my interest. It is the story of a clever and attractive American burlesque dancer, portrayed by Ginger Rogers, who marries an Austrian count. He, however, turns out to be a Nazi advance agent, played by Walter Slezak. O'Toole, an American radio news commentator, played by Cary Grant, makes up the third angle of the eternal triangle. There is enough wit to make you roar, and enough drama to arouse your feeling without making you jump out of your seat.

Ginger Rogers, who just a few years ago adorned the screen with her dancing, can also be considered a top notch actress. She plays the part superbly. The Austrian Count is well portrayed by Walter Slezak, who gives this distasteful character all there is in it. Gary Grant, always among my favorite screen actors, plays the part of the American well. The title is really too dull but even this may be O. K. Judging by the title I expected something mediocre, but came away with the feeling of an evening well spent.

R. O.

NOTICE TO
Booking Agents, Concert Managers and Promoters of Individual Attractions

• Starting with the February issue and thereafter DANCE Magazine will publish information and dates of coming dance attractions anywhere — if such information is received at our office before the 18th of the month preceeding date of issue.

PORTUGAL DANCES

(*Continued from Page 27*)

communicated with him in greatest secrecy, their trysts shared only by the waters of an old spring, their only accomplice. She was killed by the order of the King who wanted to blot out her baneful Castillian influence upon his son and heir. They say that all the waters of the Mondego could not wash out the stain of her blood from the stones upon which she fell. The Infante Pedro, surnamed the Cruel, turned bitter and desperate by his loss, upon his accession to the throne wreaked frightful vengeance upon her assassins. He had her body exhumed to crown her after death, and had her carried in posthumous triumph between rows of peasants holding lighted candles aloft and kneeling along a one hundred kilometre road to her magnificent tomb, where he had her interred and then slew himself. In the ballet the servants, candles in hand, weep for their assassined Queen, recalling her historic burial when the entire valley of Coimbra paid homage to the woman crowned in Death.

Another legend, that of a nordic princess, dying of nostalgia in Algarve and cured by the vision of a snowy countryside full of the amendeiro in bloom, gave a gay note to these ballets, as did the one based on the popular dances of Tras Os Montes. The popular dance which inspired the first creator of the Portuguese theatre, Gil Vicente, was based on the national scene and cannot fail to inspire the theatre of sister countries, where it can bring a new richness of forms and a knowledge of the heritage of Portugal so exquisitely expressed in its song and dance.

* * *

NOTE: Mme. Julie Sazonova, author of "La Vie de la Danse", and contributor to *La Revue Musicale* and *La Nouvelle Revue Francaise*, both pre-war Parisian publications, is a great student and lover of dance lore. She is accredited by Portuguese diplomatic, educational and artistic sources as one of the most reliable exponents of Portuguese dance outside Portugal itself. She has written at the request of the Portuguese government a book on the subject of the regional dances of that country, and this book is soon to appear in America. She brings with her to America, which she reached only a few months ago, a storehouse of legend, fact and practical knowledge of the Portuguese dance. In this country we have flourishing folk dance societies, groups and companies devoted to the national dances of almost every kind under the sun, except, it must be frankly acknowledged, the Portuguese. Mme. Sazonova is, in herself, a vast encyclopedia of this valuable knowledge coveted by all students and lovers of dance and folklore. Her work does her great honour.

* * *

CROSSROADS

(*Continued from Page 26*)

Marian changing into her peasant costume for the last scene felt as if it had been a personal mortification, and even though the final curtain had fallen on thunderous applause, she could not shake off the sensation of being completely crushed. Only the vision of herself in a nurse's uniform had sustained her to the end of the matinee.

In order to leave the theatre she first had to go thru the green room. This room, enormous as it was, looked jammed. The place was filled with dozens of children of all sizes, their eyes still happily shining from the spell of Hansel and Gretel. Their little voices literally sang. Marian regarded them tenderly, as though about to say goodbye to dear ones.

Suddenly a sharp pang seized her as she saw, looming over the heads of the mothers and children, a figure in khaki at the stage door.

"Peter?" she thought quickly. No. Disappointment stabbed her and then quickly gave way to a rush of inexplicable happiness. The figure in khaki brought his arms overhead, and shook hands in prizefighter's style at her! The figure had turned into Roger, wonderful and improbable, but really Roger! Pete's friend and Marian's friend, stood there in a soldier's uniform. Roger, whom she had sadly put out of her mind as somebody she need never expect to see again, but there he stood smiling and gesturing.

"Try and fight your way thru the mob," he pantomimed, "I don't dare."

Marian struggled thru the crowd of children and reached the soldier's side.

"Hello, gal," said Roger.

"Roger, Roger, Roger," said Marian, unable to think of anything else to say.

"Merry Chirstmas! Thought I'd frighten the wits out of you and I did, didn't I? I was out front watching you. Ole man audience, that's me. I'm on Christmas furlough and I'd like to go out and sing a carol without delay, if you don't mind coming along?"

"If I carol with you," said Marian, "you've got to help me sing my swan song. I'm quitting. I've decided to bury the greasepaint, and take up nursing. I'm going to be strictly useful from now on."

Roger scanned Marian's face, as if doubting what he heard. He laughed faintly.

"You don't mean it! Useful, huh? I suppose you think cheering the kiddies and the soldier on leave is useless?"

"But," Marian protested, "you know Pete's in the forces, and others like him will need people like me, you know it," she finished lamely, all the conviction dying out of her voice.

"Let's move over here where it isn't so crowded," he said. "Now, miss, you listen to the voice of the people. Good old Pete, if he isn't in the thick of the smoke, is probably this very minute in a theatre somewhere looking at somebody or other's Chirstmas pantomime, and thinking of home and his sister, dancing. What would us kids do," he said plaintively, pointing to the room in an all-inclusive gesture, "if people like you decided to shut up shop and go out of business? Please, lady, don't take our childish fun away from us? Look at those kid's faces. Can't you see what you've done for them by staying right here where you belong? Come on, now, banish those nasty thoughts, and let's go. We've got a lot of carolling to catch up on!"

"But, don't you see," persisted Marian, her doubts of the last few weeks beginning to die gladly. Then she told him the story of the contretemps behind the scenes.

"But nobody ever guessed! I assumed everything was okay, and so did the rest of us, so why worry? Anyway, it was all part of the general magic."

"Do you really think so?" said Marian, the vision of a nurse's starched uniform evaporating like smoke.

"You think so too, gal. Let's go, and don't let me hear about you tossing out the toe shoes and greasepaint, or I'll report you to the F.B.I. for sapping national morale. See?"

Marian looked up happily into Roger's smiling eyes. Her eyes thanked him and as he extricated her make-up case from her

(*Continued on Page 32*)

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CROSSROADS

(*Continued from Page* 31)

clutch, she felt for the first time since that terrible Sunday two weeks ago, her sense of guilt vanishing. Behind her, the cries of excited children and the robust tones of the leading singers greeted them.

"Rehearsal Wednesday morning at ten o'clock!" She heard la capitaine bellow somewhere in the melee.

Roger opened the stage door and they stepped outside.

The short, winter day had faded, and the gusts of rain and wind had turned into snow which was falling in its most perfect Christmas card manner. Somewhere in the blue dusk the bells of the Angelus pealed Peace on Earth. Good Will toward Man.

VALENTINOFF

(*Continued from Page* 30)

cabaret act, dancing impressions of the man in the street's conception of La Conga. He also danced a Spanish cape number with Sally, with himself playing the torero, and La Rand the strip-teasing bull. Their association came to an end when Sally eloped with a cowboy. That was shortly before he entered the Olsen and Johnson show.

The most marked difference between the Valentinoff of today and the fourteen year old of ten years ago is that whereas formerly he created to satisfy himself, today he is content to create to satisfy an audience. He has his mess of pottage and no one can take it from him.

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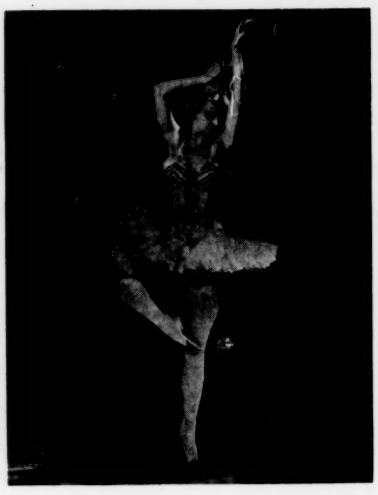
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